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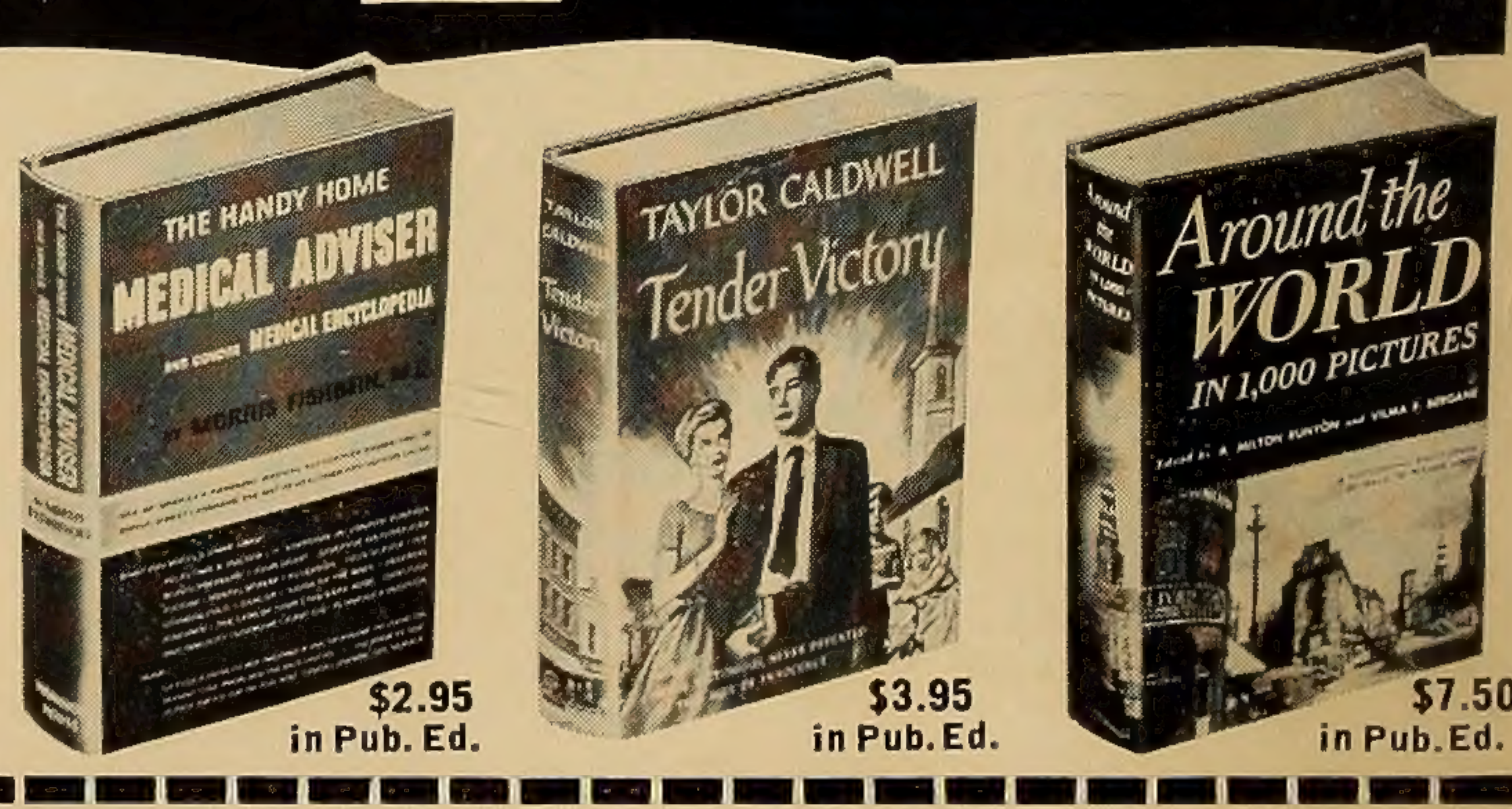
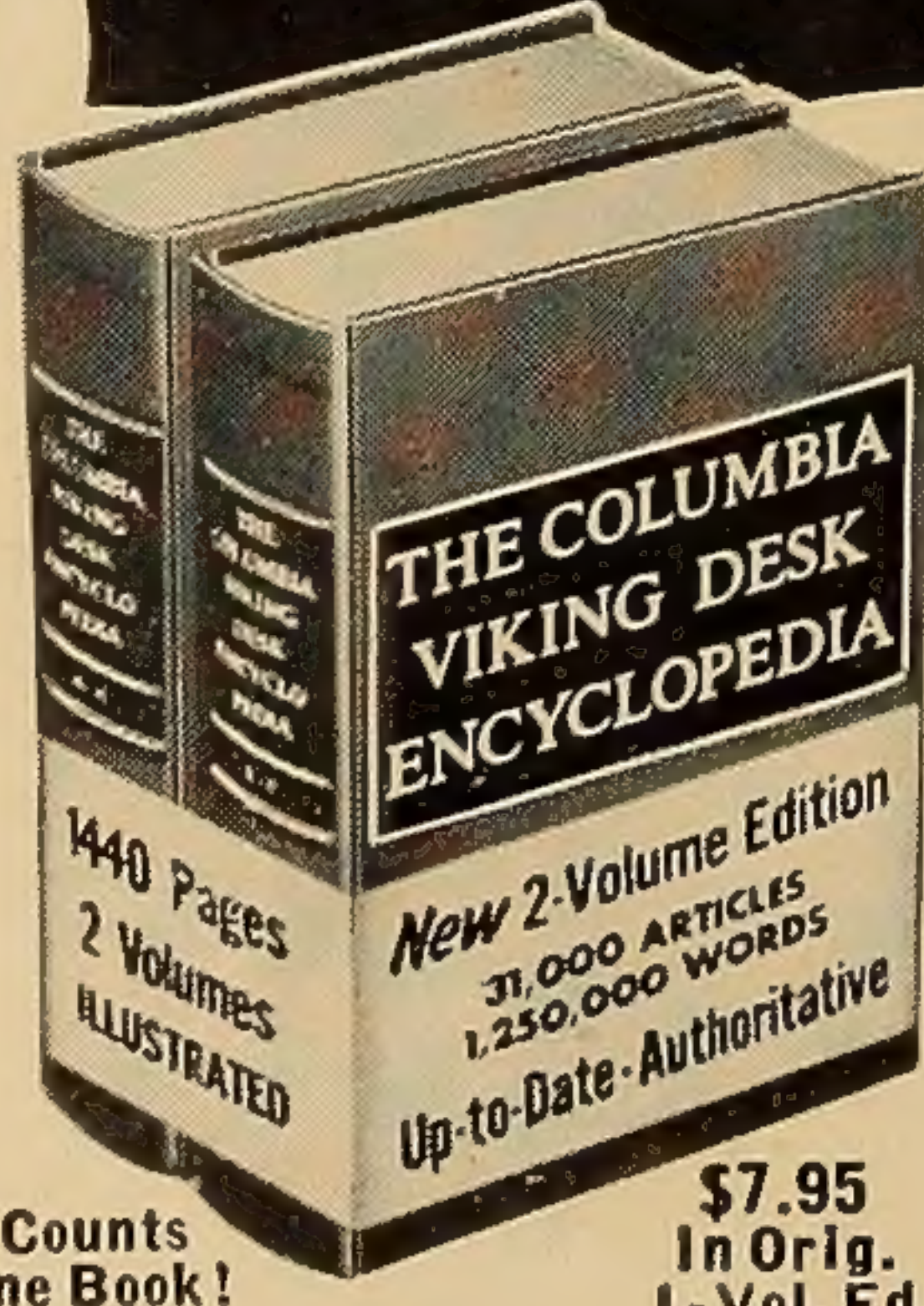
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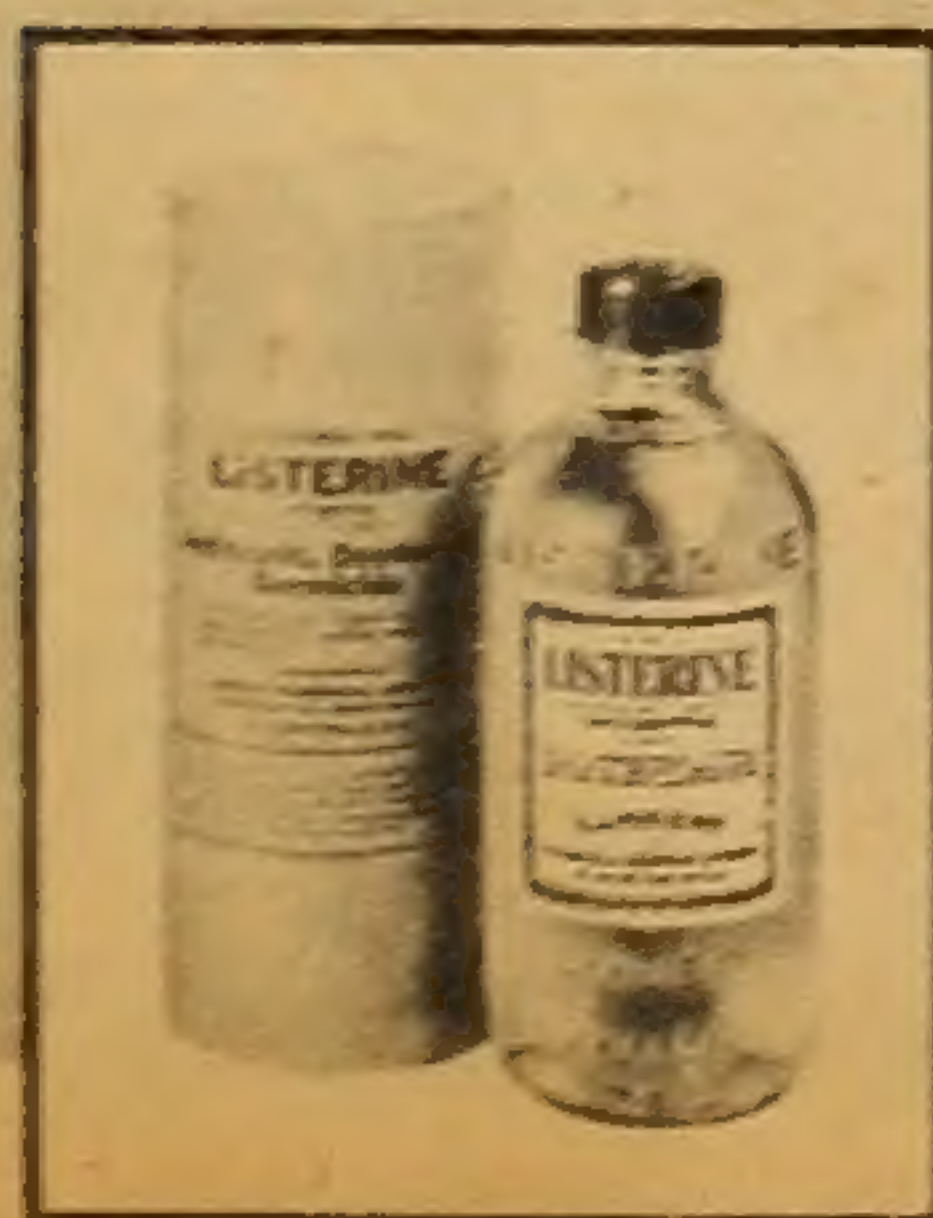
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ON THE COVER: LIZ TAYLOR, STARRING IN MGM'S "RAINTREE COUNTY"

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SAMPLE PUZZLE

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betsy Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Buck

P O L O

PUZZLE NO. ONE

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Cotton Mather ☐ Ira Remsen

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU

SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but MARCO POLO?

HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below • Mail It NOW!

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Take a careful look at the two puzzles on this page. Can you solve them? You probably can... because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a challenge to your skill and common sense. And that's what you need to solve the puzzles in the wonderful NAME OF FAME GAME Contest... offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure... and a chance at any one of 200

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I want full particulars about The National Contest Book Club's \$40,000 "Name of Fame" Contest. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Beau James

DURING the six years James J. Walker was mayor of New York City, the city went through many episodes—the two most startling being the depression and Walker. People eventually got over the depression but few who knew about Walker ever really got over him. Playing the dapper, rakish mayor, Bob Hope brings back a vivid Technicolor swatch of political history and an era where most things looked hazy through bottoms of glasses filled with bootleg liquor. Everything seemed to come easy for the mayor except love. Marriage to Alexis Smith was just a marriage of convenience with Tammany Hall politico Paul Douglas jiggling the puppet strings. It took a speakeasy singer, played by Vera Miles, to add warmth and romance to his life—two homey comforts that come high in price when you consider she cost the fun-loving mayor his job. A fascinating peep show on high living and political corruption in a time that seems ages ago, but which was only a little beyond yesterday. (Paramount.)

Something Of Value

BASED on the best-selling novel about the native uprisings in Africa, a great deal has been deleted to spare movie audiences. What remains is still a terrifying enough example of the real thing. Brought up by the same native Kikuyu woman, Rock Hudson, the son of a British landowner, and Sidney Poitier are as close as brothers until they reach maturity. Each, they learn, must go his separate way; Hudson to become the white lord and master, and Poitier, the servant. Neither wants this, but the time is wrong to change what had been accepted by both races for years and years. Young and impatient, Poitier tries to speed up the process of gaining equality. He joins the Mau Mau, the terrorist renegades sworn to drive the British out of Kenya or kill them until no more remain. Like all mob action, the Mau Mau does dreadful harm to its own people. Power is suddenly grasped by men crazed by violence and blind to the real needs of the natives. Death hangs over the land like a heavy cloud. While Hudson and his new bride,

Dana Wynter, are off honeymooning, the family farm is attacked. His sister, Wendy Hiller, barely survives. Her husband and two children are murdered. Because he knows the land, Hudson volunteers to lead a group of Britishers to where one group of Mau Mau is hiding and try to bring about Poitier's surrender. Alarming story as true as yesterday's headlines, and one that can only be kept from re-appearing in future headlines through wise, understanding government, and patience and faith in the people. (MGM.)

Tammy

IF Debbie Reynolds doesn't start showing signs of ever getting a teensy bit older, her daughter Carrie Frances will be able to pass for Debbie's mother in another few years. This Technicolor dish of Southern fried mush is Debbie's latest, and not very best at all. Brought up by Grandpa Walter Brennan, Debbie has been fortunate never to have dealt with modern living or modern men. When Grandpa gets nabbed by the law for distilling corn likker, he sends Debbie to Leslie Nielsen for safe keeping. Better she should have stayed on the river barge!



EXCITING peek into New York politics, "Beau James" stars Bob Hope and Vera Miles.

Nielsen's all right; he's mainly interested in saving his family manse. He can do two things: marry wealthy Mala Powers, and/or grow a new species of tomatoes. With Debbie spoutin' all varieties of back country wisdom and homilies and grits, Nielsen finds it in him to become man enough to own up to his failings. And dang-blasted if his ma, pa and maiden aunt don't see the light, too, and change their ways. Teenagers thrive on this sort of story. Guess it's the youthful glow of health. (Universal-International.)

The Vintage

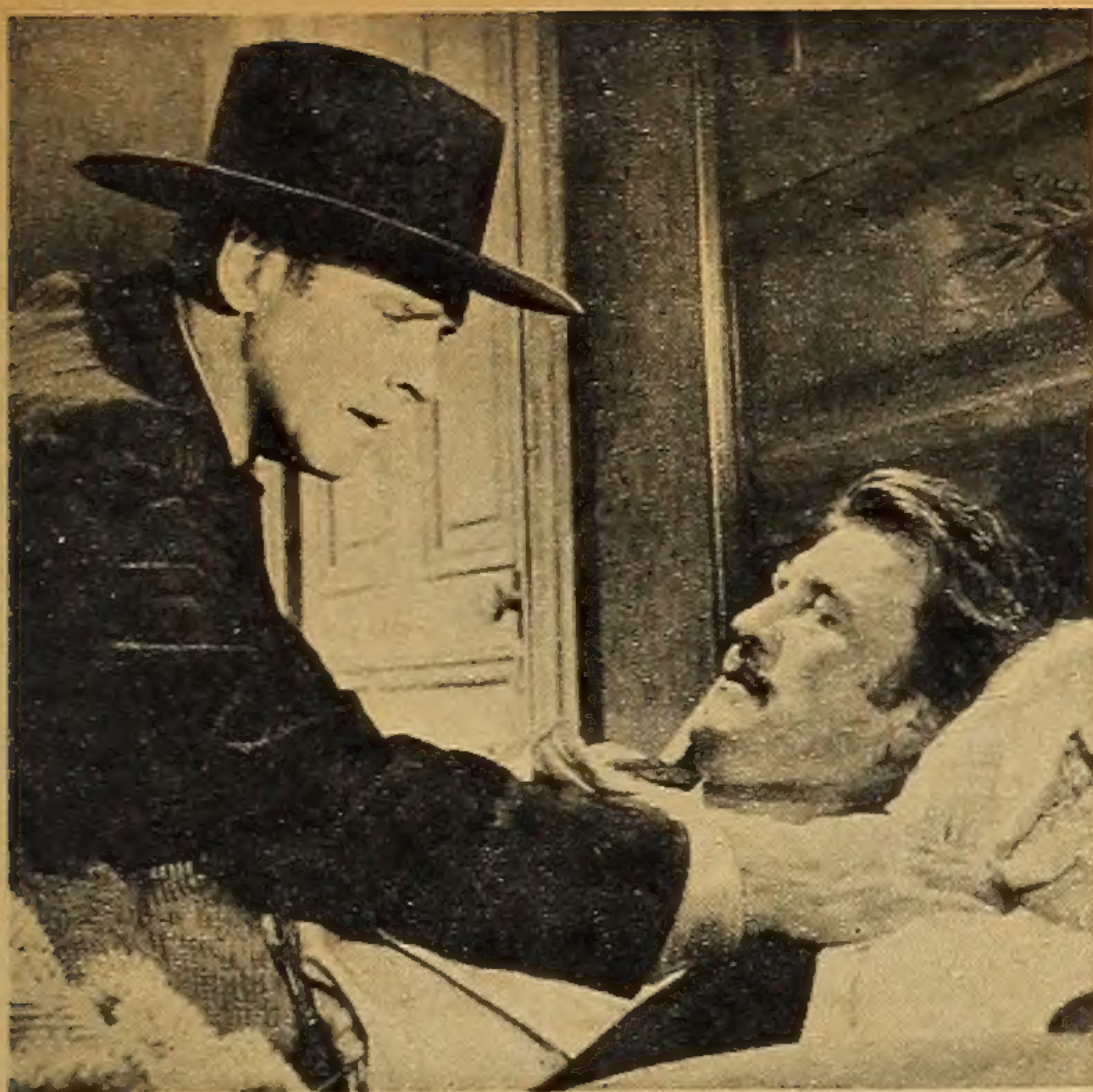
BECAUSE he's his brother's keeper, Mel Ferrer does all he can to prevent the Italian police from catching up with John Kerr. Ferrer's job isn't easy. Wanted for murder, Kerr, unfortunately, has a temper and personality that shrieks for recognition. Under the hot, shimmering sun that's great for the vineyards of Southern France, but brutal on heated emotions, Kerr and Ferrer finally find work as itinerant grape-pickers. The delicate situation takes a further turn for the worse by the appearance of Michele Morgan, their bullish boss' sensible wife. Kerr is smitten. Meanwhile, back in the vineyard, Ferrer and Michele's sister, Pier Angeli, are gazing into each other's eyes soulfully. But what can a man do when his first duty is to an unstable young brother? As you can see, many violent cross-currents of Technicolor drama surge through this well-done sophisticated tribute to the wine industry. (MGM.)

This Could Be The Night

FRESH as a Spring breeze, this romp around romance snaps at skirts and whirls about naughty bits of dialogue like confetti. Night club proprietors Anthony



CAUGHT up in the violent cross-currents of "The Vintage" is French farm girl Pier Angeli.



MARSHAL Burt Lancaster and gunman Kirk Douglas team up in "Gunfight At OK Corral."

Franciosa and Paul Douglas are in for some drastic changes when Douglas hires school teacher Jean Simmons as a part-time secretary. One of these well-equipped people who know about most things, in no time at all Jean has everybody in the bistro bouncing along the road to happiness except Franciosa. He's got it made just the way he is—with a stable of fillies and no marriage plans. So what does Jean gotta do? Corrupt this healthy, noble bachelor state of affairs by bringing out a completely hidden trait in Franciosa! Beneath that hard-boiled exterior he's as safe as a two-minute egg. Sex and characters, one of whom is Joan Blondell, lurk in the most unexpected places in this hilarious, wonderful comedy that introduces Franciosa, an early Christmas gift to the womanhood of America. (MGM)

Gunfight At The O.K. Corral

GAMBLER Kirk Douglas, suffering from some fatal lung affliction, would just as soon someone snuffed out his life in a hurry instead of sitting around while death nibbles away at his breathing mechanism. To prod some of his trigger-silly Western contemporaries into doing the job, Douglas builds up a reputation as the fastest gun in the territory—and darned, if it isn't true. With that fatalistic attitude, Douglas attracts trouble and the wrong kind of people at an alarming rate. To Marshal Wyatt Earp, Burt Lancaster, this type person isn't conducive to the latest civic clean-up drive. In those days, streets weren't littered with papers. Instead, dead bodies cluttered up the place. Fortunately, Lancaster doesn't succeed in doing a thorough job of shooting Douglas out of town. There comes the time when he desperately needs another gunhand to keep from being killed along with his two remaining brothers. Rhonda Fleming and Jo Van Fleet add the Technicolor frills to this virile Western that has *four* good guys walk slowly up the deserted main street for a showdown. (Paramount.)

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All about a little Mississippi riverboat gal who taught a sophisticated bachelor about Love, a stuffy town about Fun ...and an ultra-modern family about Happiness!



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Debbie REYNOLDS Tammy and the Bachelor

CINEMASCOPE • TECHNICOLOR®



co-starring

LESLIE NIELSEN • WALTER BRENNAN

MALA POWERS • SIDNEY BLACKMER • MILDRED NATWICK with Fay Wray



Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by ROSS HUNTER

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

- ★ Mike's gifts to Liz get bigger and bigger
- ★ Who's Hollywood's most understanding wife?



LOVEY-dovey again, Jeanne Crain and spouse Paul Brinkman attend a Hollywood first night.

TAB'S DREAMBOAT—Tab Hunter's hurried trip to Europe wasn't just to visit French actress Etchika Choureau but a date with the real dream of his life, a new Mercedes Benz. Tab's trip was a special thank you from his studio for his extensive publicity tour in behalf of "Spirit Of St. Louis." Now, he's part of Hollywood's sports car set, and the exclusive Benz brigade headed by Clark Gable and Gary Cooper.

"GIFTED" GAL—Liz Taylor, who has been dubbed "La Belle" by husband Mike Todd, can never complain about things being dull around the "Mighty Mike." He's given her everything from a Renoir painting to her own Midwest theatre which blinks out in neon, "The Liz." Todd is definitely the head of the house, which is just the way Liz likes it.

HERE AND THERE—Elvis Presley's fans are up in arms over the report he'll get the big trim, hair and sideburns that is, in "Jail House Rock." They don't mind the scissor-session, just want some of his locks for their Presley Hall of

Fame . . . Bachelor girl Dorothy Malone isn't cutting rugs these evenings, but buying 'em for her new Beverly Hills home . . . Richard Egan, a canny lad, can practically write his own ticket these days. He draws \$50,000 plus 25 per cent of the profits on his U-I picture, "The Man Who Rocked The Boat" . . . Who says actresses aren't friendly? Mitzi Gaynor interrupted Taina Elg's pirouettes on the "Les Girls" set to wheel in a huge birthday cake and launch a surprise party for the delighted Taina . . . And, when Rock Hudson arrived in Rome, he found his quarters boasted a special six-foot-six-inch bed to accommodate the king-size Hudson frame.

GUY'S GALS—The Guy Madisons, who already have two girls, are hoping their summer date with the stork will be a boy. Nevertheless, you can bet the newcomer will have a good Irish name to match sisters, Erin and Bridget. The latter, a sturdy stereotype of her pop, has been nicknamed by Guy, "Wee Belle Hickok." And speaking of belles, Mrs. Madison is one of the prettiest mothers-

to-be in town and seems to be going everywhere. With only 16 months between her two daughters, she already has the nursery completely furnished and a stylish maternity wardrobe. The latter she made herself on the sewing machine Guy gave her.

THE LOVE-GO-ROUND—It must be the season for courtin', for there're lots of new twosomes. In New York, Mark Damon has been squiring a couple of dark-eyed Susans—Susan Strasberg and Susan Kohner. In Rome, Tony Perkins dated Silvana Mangano's sister, Patrizia. In Hollywood there are Nick Adams and Karen Steele and Martha Hyer and producer Ross Hunter.

COUPLE OF SWELLS—Looks like Eddie Fisher will make the best-dressed list this year. He's spent several thousand on a new wardrobe, including seven tuxedos, each in a different color. Vic Damone is also coming up with a style innovation, father and son tuxedos. One-year-old Perry Damone wore his midnight blue tux for his television debut.

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LOOKING so very debonair, Charlton Heston ringsides at a night club with his wife Lydia.



SURPRISE duo Joan Collins and Charles Chaplin Jr. share a date at the Mocambo.



ANNE Baxter gets Hugh O'Brian's undivided attention during a gala Biltmore Hotel party.

DARRYL F.
ZANUCK'S

ISLAND IN THE SUN

by Alec Waugh

Directed by
ROBERT ROSSEN

*The place is the West Indies.
The tantalizing sun
hides so many sins!*

JAMES
MASON

as
Maxwell
Fleury

DOROTHY
DANDRIDGE

as Margot

JOAN
FONTAINE

as Mavis

MICHAEL
RENNIE

as Carson

JOAN
COLLINS

as Jocelyn

HARRY
BELAFONTE

as Boyeur

with
Diana Wynyard • John Williams • Stephen Boyd • Basil Sydney • John Justin • Ronald Squire • Patricia Owens

Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK • ALFRED HAYES

Screenplay by

COLOR by DE LUXE
CINEMASCOPE

Released by 20th Century-Fox

What's happening to marriage in Hollywood?



ABOVE: June Allyson and Dick Powell reconciled after a month's break.

ABOVE RIGHT: Russ Amblyn and Venetia Stevenson were wed less than a year.

RIGHT: Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne split up for good after fourth try.



In recent months a wave of marital earthquakes has rocked several of filmland's happiest-seeming households

By BILL TUSHER

IT would be difficult to conjure up a more impressive mass demonstration of domestic bliss than the glittering assemblage of movieland couples who put their best fronts forward at a recent convening of cinema elite in the Crown Room of Prince Mike Romanoff's tony establishment in Beverly Hills.

The occasion was the local unveiling of a sparse-haired, middle-aged German actor, O. W. Fischer, who had been imported from Germany to co-star with winsome June Allyson in the forthcoming remake of "My Man Godfrey" at Universal-International, which studio was magnanimously picking up the tab for the soiree.

Among those who rolled out of their Cadillacs and Thunderbirds to bid Fischer welcome was a veritable Who's Who of Hollywood luminaries who had solemnly promised to love, honor and obey until death or some more urgent pretext did them part. Although the beaming Miss Allyson was at Fischer's side greeting the arriving guests, she had come with her own devoted husband, Dick Powell. Two other couples in attend-

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RESTLESS Lana Turner resumes her vain pursuit of happiness once more with the break-up of her three-year marriage to Lex Barker.



FIRST time for Lana Turner was with orchestra leader Artie Shaw.

ance with somewhat less seniority in marriage—at least to one another—were ageless Ginger Rogers and her handsome young Gallic mate, Jacques Bergerac, and equally ageless Lana Turner and her attentive spouse, Lex Barker.

Miss Rogers and Monsieur Bergerac caused a certain amount of harmless neck craning inasmuch as they were back together after a round of not too well concealed bickering and well-publicized separation. Miss Turner was the object of staring merely because she had trimmed down her famous chassis, and she looked, if that was possible, lovelier and more alluring than ever. After three years of basic training as Mrs. Lex Barker, she had come to be regarded as the happy party to a reasonably durable marriage. The 11-year-old wedlock of June Allyson and Dick Powell—having weathered a number of vehemently minimized but enormously publicized difficulties—was now considered well nigh indestructible.

Dick seemed content and unconcerned as his wife and Herr Fischer smilingly established the rapport they would presumably need on the set of "My Man Godfrey" and again when she danced with a handsome, deep-voiced young actor after she had disposed of her duties as an official greeter.

But within a month of the cocktail party at Romanoff's, there ensued a wave of marital earthquakes that sent the needles jumping on Hollywood's romantic seismograph. In the general upheaval, the elaborately launched Herr Fischer was dropped from "My Man Godfrey" for the announced—and acknowledged—reason that he could not bring himself to follow the instructions of his American director, and he was replaced by David Niven.

THERE were even more interesting reshufflings in domestic lineups. June Allyson and Dick Powell despaired of making a go of their marriage, and separated in order to contemplate their incompatibility from a distance. Lana Turner and Lex Barker produced another temblor when they abruptly grew tired of playing house and thereupon quit each other's company.

The rocking and rolling of vulnerable Hollywood marriages did not seem particularly unseasonable, but the casualties bordered on epidemic proportions. Nor were the victims con-



SECOND: Lana married Steve Crane twice in a row and bore him her only child, Cheryl.

THIRD: Beaming on their 1948 honeymoon are Lana and industrialist Bob Topping.



caused some marriages to falter

fined to the Romanoff guest list. Those two young lovers, Rusty Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson, didn't quite make it from one Valentine's Day to another; Jack Webb celebrated the beginning of his new picture with the ending of another short-lived reconciliation with his second and not easily appeased wife, Dorothy Towne; and Sheree North and Bud Freeman called it a day.

Within a month, Dick Powell and June Allyson patched up the differences over which they maintained tight-lipped silence during their separation, but there was no sign that the breaches between the other four couples would be successfully or permanently gulfed. If these five marriage disasters offer proof of anything, it would seem to be that it is folly to generalize about what's wrong with Hollywood home life. The circumstances, as they would have to, vary in each case in terms of the individuals involved.

Lana and Lex didn't feel obliged to offer public post-mortems on the failure of their marriage, but there were clues that could be sifted from the wreckage. Lana, in her indefatigable, and thus far vain, pursuit of happiness, is, on the record, chronically susceptible to disenchantment and ennui. Barker, for his part, has an understandable penchant for trying to make private stock of the public beauties he marries. His reluctance to share his wife with a demanding career proved fatal in his marriage to Arlene Dahl, and there is evidence that it may have contributed to the demise of his marriage to Lana. If it is true in marriage, as it is in mathematics, that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, this would furnish a reliable index to Lex Barker's unrest.

"A career," Lex moaned when his marriage to Arlene Dahl foundered, "is important, but personal relationships have to come first. There are some happy couples in Hollywood who work, but they hold their marriage much higher than their separate careers."

Lex maintained that his happiest time with Arlene was when her contract had expired at MGM.

"She sat around for six months with nothing to do," he said rather wistfully.

It would appear that the sylph-like figure Lana displayed at the party in Romanoff's Crown Room was a distracting fore-runner of things to come. After three years of virtual hibernation, a good deal of it at their home away from home in Acapulco, Lana was preparing herself for an all-out resumption of her career.

THE ink was scarcely dry on her enticing new business arrangements when she and Lex separated. Whether Lana's revived interest in her career is cause or effect would seem to be begging the question. There were, of course, other problems.

In the summer of 1956, Lana and Lex seemed ecstatically happy when she became expectant.

"She is thrilled and delighted," Lex exulted, "and hopes it will be a boy. As long as it's a perfect baby, I'll be satisfied."

"The one thing that Lex and I both want," Lana said fervently, "is a baby."

Three months later, Lana suffered a recurrence of the tragedy that had visited her during her short-lived marriage to Bob Topping. She lost the child.

Whether the disappointment was too much for Lana and Lex to overcome perhaps they themselves do not know for sure. But the deterioration of their marriage seems, coincidentally or not, to date from that unhappy event.

It would perhaps be unwarranted to characterize Lana as a fickle veteran of four marriages, but there is substantial evi-



MARRIAGE of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell lasted eight years. Although frequently at odds, he and June have so far stuck it out.

dence that she cannot accept the stresses and strains of protracted marital relationships. She would appear more in love with the idea of *getting* married than in staying married. She was twice married to her second husband, Steve Crane, and one marriage ceremony with Lex Barker wasn't enough, either. Having been joined in matrimony in Turin, Italy, they went through the vows once more for good measure when they returned to Hollywood—even going to the extent of taking out a new marriage license in Santa Monica.

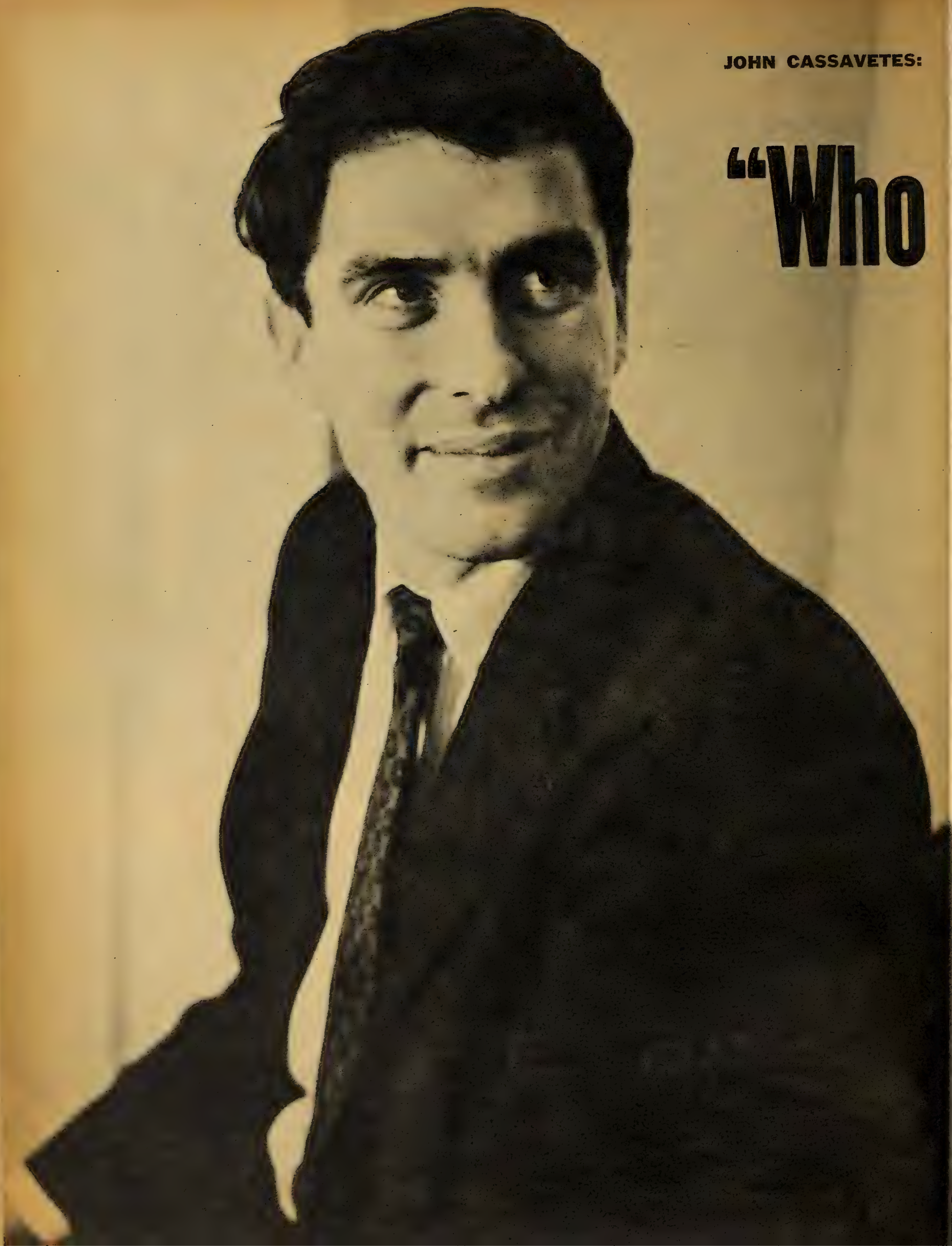
The multiplicity of marriage ceremonies, however, proved no guarantee of marital longevity. Happily or tragically for Lana—depending, perhaps, on her own point of view—she has remarkable recuperative powers. She has as equal a facility for retrieving her heart as she has for losing it. No one can accuse her of being intimidated by the old bromide, "Once bitten, twice shy." She is an old hand indeed at breaking heart-felt resolutions never to marry again, or even to love again.

As fetching and love-starved a creature as Lana Turner is, she is not one to remain long on the shelf. On the heels of her separation from Barker, she joined a contingent of Hollywood stars who journeyed to the annual film festival in Uruguay, and the mission was not long in South America when Lana was

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JOHN CASSAVETES:

“Who



needs good looks?"

By RAHNA MAUGHAN

Certainly not the human dynamo named Cassavetes, who "only" has genuine talent, enthusiasm and drive to burn

THOUGH Mike Todd wasn't handing out jobs the day John Cassavetes walked into his office, he was giving advice.

"In order to be a success in this business," Todd cautioned the young actor, "you've got to know more than anyone else."

Well sir, Cassavetes hasn't been the same since. He cherished those kindly words and applied himself to the Herculean task. Spending about 16 hours a day learning every angle there is to know about show business, he's managed to do himself and adviser Todd proud. In the last four years, Cassavetes has accounted for about 90 television roles and four pictures: "The Night Holds Terror," "Crime In The Streets," "Edge Of The City," and "Fever Tree." Most of his work had the critics doing handsprings. Sandwiched between all this explosive activity, he's also found time to start a new actors' workshop called Shadows, Inc.

"I come equipped with all this energy," Cassavetes will admit with a large hint of pride. "It's the trend these days to worry about overdoing. Take it easy! Relax! Count to ten! I can't be bothered with all that nonsense. There's never been anything wrong with me that work wouldn't cure."

At 27, in thriving health, the lean, dark Cassavetes has every reason to be impatient. He thinks he knows what's wrong with entertainment in general, and if it were up to him, another day won't go by before some radical changes are made. He refuses to believe people deliberately turn on a television set, or go to the movies to see a bad show.

While we had been waiting for Cassavetes to appear in the small high-ceilinged business office painted a dull, uninspired brown, Maurice McEndree, Shadows, Inc. producer, explained Cassavetes has an amazing effect on everyone he meets. Like a twister, he picks everything up in his path and sweeps it away with him. "He has so much genuine talent, enthusiasm and drive." McEndree looked at his watch, shook his head.

"You really should have called to remind him you'd be here at 12:30. John has so many things on his mind, sometimes he's inclined to be forgetful. If his wife didn't lay out his clothes for him. . . ." McEndree shrugged off the rest.



"HOME," explains John, here with actress-wife Gena Rowlands, "is the place where a man can let down the guard on his weakness."

One of the things Cassavetes might have had on his mind right around then could very easily have been the long-term contract he recently signed with MGM. In his first picture, "Three Guns," he'll be a sort of Western delinquent, playing Robert Taylor's hot-headed kid brother.

When the red-hot item finally catapulted into the office, an hour and a half late, McEndree and Burt Lane, Cassavetes partner in Shadows, Inc., had done a complete job of spreading the happy word which had marinated in 150 proof enthusiasm. By the time they had finished with their tour of the little theatre, and introducing the cast—no one looked older than about 20—of the experimental picture Cassavetes is try-

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"A WOMAN like Gena, with understanding and interest in a man's work, has a special beauty." She's now starring in a Broadway play.



"CONTAINED" and "exquisitely mature," friends describe Gena.

High-voltage John leads a quiet

ing to film for \$7,500, you felt old and tired. Certainly not in prime condition for the full blast of Cassavetes' energy.

"Hey, what have you guys been telling about me?" he demanded immediately, and looked somewhat apprehensively at the pile of notes on the battered oak desk.

"We're trying to describe Gena," Lane, who's a writer and the organization's treasurer, got right to the point.

In 1953, Cassavetes married Gena Rowlands, a girl from Cambria, Wisconsin, who, like her husband had studied acting at the New York Academy of Dramatic Arts. Their romance started when he had gone back to the Academy one day to watch a student play. Gena was one of the actresses, and Cassavetes approved of what he saw. It was as simple as that. Happy and complete though their marriage is, Gena has kept busy with her professional life. Beside having a contract with MGM, too, she's co-starring with Edward G. Robinson on Broadway in "Middle Of The Night."

The way Lane had described her, Gena wasn't one of those artificially sophisticated career women. She has the quality of being exquisitely mature in all ways. Lane interrupted his paean to glance toward McEndree who nodded in solemn agreement.

"You can add that Gena is wonderfully constant as a wife, and terribly loyal to her friends," Lane went on. "I guess a good one-word description of her would be 'contained.'"

Cassavetes liked the description, but he wasn't going to let matters go at just that.

"A woman like Gena, with understanding and interest in a man's work, as well as her own, has a special beauty. She can



RARE SHOT of Cassavetes relaxing. "I can't be bothered with all that nonsense," he says and proceeds to work his usual 16 hours a day.

home life. "A wife stands between you and life's many frustrations"

add so much more to your life than . . . What I mean is . . . I couldn't live without her."

He had obviously warmed up to the subject and showed no intentions of letting it get away from him. There was a lot a woman could mean, he continued. She represented security for a man outside his work. She was the only one capable of bringing him down to simple humanity where all the human emotions could be felt. Home, then, became a place where you could let down the guard on your weakness.

"You get closer to positive things," Cassavetes decided, "because a woman can step between you and all those little frustrations in daily living that can drive you crazy.

"**O**H sure, I want to be a success," Cassavetes admitted. "I want to be a millionaire with two—no, make it three—swimming pools."

Lane and McEndree thought that was the funniest thing they had heard in the last second or two. "John's been turning down a lot of work so he could stick with *Shadows*," one of them said. "Nobody here has any money. We've been pumping it all into this project."

A non-profit organization, *Shadows, Inc.* had been formed in September, 1956, to give new and untried theatrical talent a chance to prove itself. Cassavetes and Lane also wanted a place where they could turn out plays minus commercialism.

Cassavetes refuses to tell what the experimental picture is about. "Everyone will get the wrong idea and say we've got a cause. I couldn't care less about causes of any kind. Anyhow,

this picture is just for acting groups and perhaps colleges."

"When an actor is out of work a long time, he grows self-centered and bitter. I know, I went through it for five years myself before I broke into television. You get so wrapped up in your personal worries and miseries, you lose interest in other people. That's deadly for anyone—especially an actor. Watching people is the only way to discover what they're like. How else can you expect to understand them? Whatever success I have, I want to use to help others."

The main concern of this actors' workshop, Cassavetes insisted, is to develop the separate individualities. Once you figure out what your capabilities are, nothing, including criticism, should stand in the way of your own individuality.

"It's not only my opinion but has been proven many times: Individual expression is the highest paying commodity.

"Who needs good looks, when you're an individual?" Cassavetes demanded. "For example, a lot of stars look entirely different in ordinary everyday living. No producer, at first glance, would call them good material. Before James Dean became a star, I saw him around town many times. He certainly didn't have what you'd call physical appeal. Nor did Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando, Edward G. Robinson, and Charles Laughton. Make-up can do wonders for any face, but you can't get away with a surface job of individuality. All the great ones have it. Look at them, and you'll find a definite and personal expression."

In these times of almost dreary conformity everyone dresses alike, everyone lives in the same sort of house, every-

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JOHN CASSAVETES continued

"Individual expression is an actor's



"FAILURES are people who've lost sight of their dream." John holds to his.

most valuable commodity," one that John always strives to perfect

one's tastes must follow the accepted pattern, but someone like Cassavetes comes along to represent the individualists.

As a child there was nothing that would have especially singled him out. No meteors flashed across the sky when he was born in Polyclinic Hospital, New York City. His older brother, Nicholas, grew up to be a successful Wall Street broker. His father, Nicholas, Sr., does very well with his export business, and for a sideline is an expert on immigration. The family is of Greek extraction.

"We lived in the city until I was about twelve, then moved to Port Washington, Long Island. After I graduated from Port Washington High School, I entered Colgate as an English Literature major. At that time, I really had no ambition to speak of. All college meant to me was a place to go and be secure for a while longer."

While sopping up security, an interesting thing happened at Colgate. Cassavetes started reading plays and decided acting had possibilities. He quit school after two and a half years and headed back for New York where he enrolled in the New York Academy of Dramatic Arts. A stint in a Providence, R. I., stock company followed, then a small part in a Gregory Ratoff movie called, "Taxi." Ratoff was impressed with Cassavetes and hired him as assistant stage manager for the play, "The Fifth Season."

WITH a live wire as charged as Cassavetes, you'd expect short circuits at times when the sparks would fly, but according to him, disruptive temperament has no place in the theatre. Somewhere he got the idea that much of the talk about prima donna shenanigans in the movies and on the stage are nasty stories circulated by press agents.

Thorough as usual, Cassavetes didn't rule out another brand of temperament. That's something else entirely, he excused. This difference of opinion, or whatever you choose to call it, appears in people who, for years, had had nothing and still remember the hard struggle to achieve their goals. They know their craft and in this strength lies their weakness.



"**OUT-OF-WORK** actors become bitter," says John, who knows. His actors' workshop, Shadows, Inc., encourages new, untried talent.



MEETING of John and Gena took place when both were studying dramatics. Now signed by MGM, John's set to make "Three Guns."

"It works this way," Cassavetes started to explain, "they come to know what they know at great personal expense. If someone contradicts what they are doing, or how they do it, this can make you feel very insecure and afraid someone is trying to take away all you've worked for."

"That's why I think people should be helped so that they don't have to claw every inch of the way alone. They'd be more anxious for the success of the entire production and not only their own ambitions."

Outside the young actors were stirring. A girl with a pony tail and blue jeans came in to riffle through the filing cabinet. Cassavetes seemed to be slipping further and further away from the interview. "Remind me to give those actors money for haircuts before we start shooting on Monday," he advised McEndree. "And what are we going to do about that fight scene in the alley? We'll need two guys to jump him."

McEndree and Lane for all their professional *sang froid*, looked downright surprised. "He can't handle *two* men!"

"Sure he can," Cassavetes waved aside all doubts. "He's a powerful guy. You just wait and see."

We weren't sticking around to see. But it's a cinch that a few days later, there were two actors sorely in need of First Aid, lying in some cinematographically picturesque New York City alley. And realist Cassavetes had again made his point.

He's the kind that always does.

END



SUSAN STRASBERG:

STAGE STRUCK

CO-STARRED with Henry Fonda in "Stage Struck," Susan has breathed the air of the theatre since childhood; her mother was an actress.



BRIMMING with *joie de vivre*, Susan has a rare poise for her age.

A star at 18, Susan could be playing herself in her new film about "footlight fever"

LIKE her screen double, Susan scored in her first Broadway play, "Diary Of Anne Frank."



photos by Zinn Arthur

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SUSAN STRASBERG continued

**In the setting of her New York haunts,
"Stage Struck" Susan creates a brilliant new role**



AN UNAFFECTED teenager, Susan had to overcome parental objections to act, though her father's director of the Actors Studio.

CONVINCING producer Henry Fonda that she's right for his show keeps Susan busy in "Stage Struck."



CONVERSATION with actor Christopher Plummer touches on Susan's many interests. A few years ago, she wanted to be an artist.





PREDICTIONS that she has the brightest future of any young American actress won't go to Susan's head because of her devotion to work. **END**

JACK LEMMON:

Heaven protect the poor



PLAGUED by forgetfulness, Jack finds bachelor life can be complicated. One night he had to break a window to get into his own house.

bachelor!

**Whenever Jack sets out to
master the feminine
mysteries of running a house,
almost anything can happen**

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

THE state of bachelorhood, at best, isn't easy for a fellow if it means running his own home, looking after his meals, taking care of the millions of odds and ends which crop up constantly. But if he's been married, and used to having things taken care of for him, as Jack Lemmon had before he and Cynthia parted, it's twice as hard, three times as frustrating, and often ten times as hilarious—as Jack's experiences during the past few months have shown.

To see how he was getting along, I took a chance and dropped in on him a few weeks ago, while in his neighborhood. To my surprise I found him sitting on the front steps of his almost-empty house, face cupped in his hands, looking up in the sky in a sort of resigned way.

"What 'ya doing, old man . . .?" I asked.

"Waitin', Pappy. . . ."

"Waitin' for what?"

"My refrigerator. They were supposed to deliver it at nine this morning. It's two in the afternoon now and they still haven't brought the blasted thing. I tell you . . . this is for the birds. I never knew a guy could waste so much time!"



DIVERSION from the dangers of solitude has been provided by Jack's career. In "Fire Down Below" he co-stars with Rita Hayworth.

I sympathized duly, kept him company for about 30 minutes, and then took off for my comfortably furnished house, my wife, and three kids.

Six hours later, when we were having dinner, I got a phone call from Jack. "Just in case you were wondering, Pappy, it just this minute came . . ."

"The refrigerator?"

"Yep. . . ."

"Congratulations!"

"There's just one catch to it."

"What's that?"

"It's the wrong one!"

Poor Jack. He had to spend another day on his front steps till the situation was straightened out.

Jack soon realized just how much times had changed since he was last on his own back in New York, fresh out of Harvard, with little money and lots of ambition.

He had shared a five-dollar-a-week, seven-room, walk-up apartment on the lower East Side with a roomie. Three rooms were closed off after they lost their battle with a family of rats. Other inconveniences included a telephone on the main floor, of little use to Jack after he refused to pay his landlady 25 cents a week to holler his name whenever a call came for him, little heat, and a bathroom in the drafty hallway shared with another tenant who practically lived in it.

Jack didn't mind. At 23, the rougher things got, the better he liked them. Inconvenience simply made life more adventurous for him.

But now he's a few years older—and had learned to appreciate the comforts of home, meals fixed on time, laundry that

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FIRE DOWN BELOW



Look for the pocket-size Popular Library edition of "Fire Down Below," soon on sale at all newsstands.



FORE! Jack drives the ball out of sight—in fact, it seems to be lost. Busy with his many interests, he has no time to become lonely.

After a morning of struggling with the toaster or swabbing the

was taken care of automatically, a generally well-planned existence. And there was nothing organized about the way he was getting along now!

The first morning he woke up in his newly acquired, one-bedroom provincial house way up on top of Bel Air, he felt as starved as a grizzly bear after six months of hibernation.

Jack got dressed, backed his car out of the garage, and drove almost seven miles to the nearest market to stock up on coffee, milk, eggs, bread, butter, and other staples.

An hour later he was back in the kitchen—looking for a frying pan and a coffee pot! It took another round trip to get them, by which time he was so hungry that he settled for dry cereal, right out of the box.

FIXING breakfasts and cold lunches was easy enough. Dinner was the real problem. His sole experience in that department was restricted to outdoor barbecues, and who wants to eat outside in the winter and early spring?

Jack's forgetfulness turned into his most persistent handicap. While he has a wonderful memory for lines, it is next to impossible for him to keep track of appointments, social obligations, even his house key. This proved quite embarrassing.

A few weeks ago he came home late from a dinner party at a friend's house. It must have been close to three in the morning when he pulled up in his driveway, put his car into the garage, walked to the front door, and turned his pockets inside out in search for his keys. He couldn't find them.

Jack wasn't worried. Not yet. "One of the doors or windows must be open," he mumbled to himself as he climbed over the hedge and walked around the house. He was wrong. There was no choice but to break a window to get inside.

Ten minutes later he was sound asleep. Twenty minutes later he woke up again when he heard someone banging against his front door. "Open up!" the voice shouted. "Open up! This is the police!"

Jack stumbled to the front door, falling over his one and



"OUT OF my way, please," says Jack, but surprisingly, the shot is good. His social life is jumping, too, but so far no new marriage plans.

breakfast dishes, Jack finds a lively round of golf is child's play

only piece of furniture in the living room, and finally, bruised and battered, unlocked the door.

A bright light flashed in his face. "What are you doing here?" the officer burst out.

"What am *I* doing? I'm trying to get some sleep . . . !"

THE policeman began to feel a little less sure of himself.

"Are you the owner of the house?"

"Of course I am. What made you think I wasn't?"

"One of your neighbors called us after she heard someone break a window. So here we are. Say, you look familiar—aren't you Jack Lemmon?"

Admitting it proved to be a big mistake. The officers stayed around another hour questioning him about the movie industry, and the stars he'd worked with . . .

At least in one respect Jack is better off than most fellows who live alone: he has too many ways and means of keeping himself occupied to feel lonely.

Although Jack enjoys, and needs the company of others, he has also reached a degree of self-sufficiency rarely found among actors. The main reason he chose one of the most isolated spots in Bel Air was his desire to be alone, and undisturbed—to read, to study, and to play the piano.

Of course, there isn't that much free time. Jack has been working steadily since he returned from England after finishing the Columbia picture, "Fire Down Below," opposite Rita Hayworth and Bob Mitchum.

First there were retakes on the film, then TV commitments, and now one of his best parts to date—the lead in "Mad Ball." Besides, with taking care of the yard and the house and looking after his two-and-a-half-year-old son Chris about two days a week, there aren't many free hours. In fact, one day with Chris usually calls for another day to catch his breath again.

Take the last time the young man kept his father company, when he cheerfully helped him wash the car. He seemed so trustworthy that when the phone rang inside the house, Jack

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SUSAN HAYWARD:

THE G-MAN'S Most Wanted Woman

**One look at Susan and former
FBI man Eaton Chalkley knew he'd
found the woman he'd been
unconsciously seeking for years**

By HELEN HENDRIX



SHARING life together now are Susan Hayward, her bridegroom, Eaton Chalkley, and Susan's two sons. They'll make home in Georgia.

WILL Susan Hayward, who once starred in a picture called "My Foolish Heart," and then proceeded to live up to the title, find happiness with Eaton Chalkley, the attorney and industrial investigator she married after a whirlwind courtship?

Until Mr. Chalkley came into her life, it was obvious to everyone in Hollywood that Susan was following a course which could lead only to heartbreak and the destruction of everything she had ever worked for.

From the day she announced the truth about the colossal failure of her marriage to Jess Barker to the day when black headlines proclaimed her battle with another girl over a Hollywood actor in his apartment, Susan seemed to be doing everything possible to destroy herself, both literally and figuratively.

Until she openly proclaimed her marital failure, Susan seemed determined to do everything possible to preserve the illusion of a supposedly happy home life. Once the bars were down and she had to admit the ugly truth behind the happy marriage stories, she seemed to collapse emotionally. Her conflicts with Jess Barker led to the black day when, in complete despair over her inability to patch up the broken pieces of her life, she tried to do away with herself.

Even though her life was saved, her emotional act endangered the one thing she held most dear: the custody of her two boys.

No one with an ounce of candor could claim that Susan Hayward, during the year previous to her meeting with Eaton Chalkley, was emotionally stable. Trying to explain the strange, erratic course of her life after the break-up with Jess Barker, a close friend said, "After all, great actresses like Susan are not clods."

A clod she certainly wasn't!

Now Hollywood is wondering: Will her marriage to Eaton straighten out Susan's tempestuous life? Will she return to the kind of happy, impulsive, trusting girl she was before her complete disillusionment with Jess Barker?

To answer that question, we have to take a look at the surprising whirlwind romance which completely changed the course of Susan's life.

Almost up to the day she married, Susan herself was extremely secretive about the romance. Even among her close friends, there were two groups: those who thought that she was not seriously interested in anyone, and those who thought she'd fallen in love with Dr. Frederick Mayer, a professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands from whom she was receiving instruction in philosophy.

On the set of "Top Secret Affair," her romance with Eaton

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SUSAN HAYWARD

continued



In the past year there has been a big change in Susan's attitude toward life and it's opened up a whole new world for her

was almost as much of a secret as the affair with which the screenplay dealt. When columnists asked Susan if she was seriously interested in anyone, she'd reply, "No," or "That's none of your business."

"But you do go out evenings, don't you?" continued one of the writers.

"Of course," said Susan pertly. "Do you think I stay home and crochet?"

Desperate for copy, a publicist on the film once asked Susan, "Do you have any serious romance?"

She replied with a quizzical smile.

"The last time a star smiled at me like that when I asked that question," said the wary publicist, "she married a few weeks later."

"Well," laughed Susan, "I'm not going to do anything like that at all."

Shortly afterwards, Susan did just that.

When Susan and Eaton first met, he was a confirmed bachelor. Formerly an agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, he ran an investigating agency of his own; was in charge of security systems in large firms throughout the United States, had a number of automobile dealerships, and was also a successful attorney.

A MAN who has piled up this much wealth and success in five years or so rarely lacks for feminine company; and Eaton was attractive enough even without these assets to cause women to pursue him fervently and hopefully. But he was footloose and fancy free.

Once he unburdened himself to one of his close friends. "Look at me," he said. "Wouldn't I be a fool to get married?"



HAVING fun at the Cannes Film Festival. So long as she can feel secure in Eaton's love, Susan can face the whole world with confidence.



MEN always have been attracted to the gorgeous redhead but Susan never really knew what she wanted out of life until she met Eaton.

I go and come as I please. When I feel like doing so, I can knock off work and take a plane to Florida. Or if I prefer, I can fly to Havana, or the North Pole. No one has the right to ask me, 'What time will you be home, darling?' or 'Where were you last night?' Being a bachelor is just wonderful—and I intend to stay one."

This, of course, was before he met the red-headed Susan.

They met at a small dinner party at the Mocambo. Susan was with Harvey Hester, a friend of Eaton Chalkley's from Atlanta, and Eaton was with another attractive young woman. When Eaton's girl friend got up to dance with Harvey, Vincent X. Flaherty, the newspaper columnist, who was also in the group, said to Eaton, "Why don't you dance with Susan?"

Eaton needed no further prompting. From the day he first met Susan, his head was in a whirl. So was hers.

But Susan wanted to keep this romance her own, very private, very secret affair. No one knew how serious it was until about a week before the wedding, when Eaton confided in a friend, and asked him for the name of someone who could arrange a quiet wedding in Phoenix, Arizona.

Just before the wedding, Susan called up her closest friend among the columnists, Louella Parsons. "Louella," she said, "This is it. I've never been so happy."

And now what? How will Susan like being the wife of a man whose interests are not primarily connected with Hollywood? Will she care for small town life in Carrollton, Georgia, her groom's native habitat?

At the present time, Susan has a contract to make one

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JERRY LEWIS:



LINE-UP BLUES overtake Jerry arrested with juvenile lawbreakers in "The Delicate Delinquent," his first film made without Dean Martin.

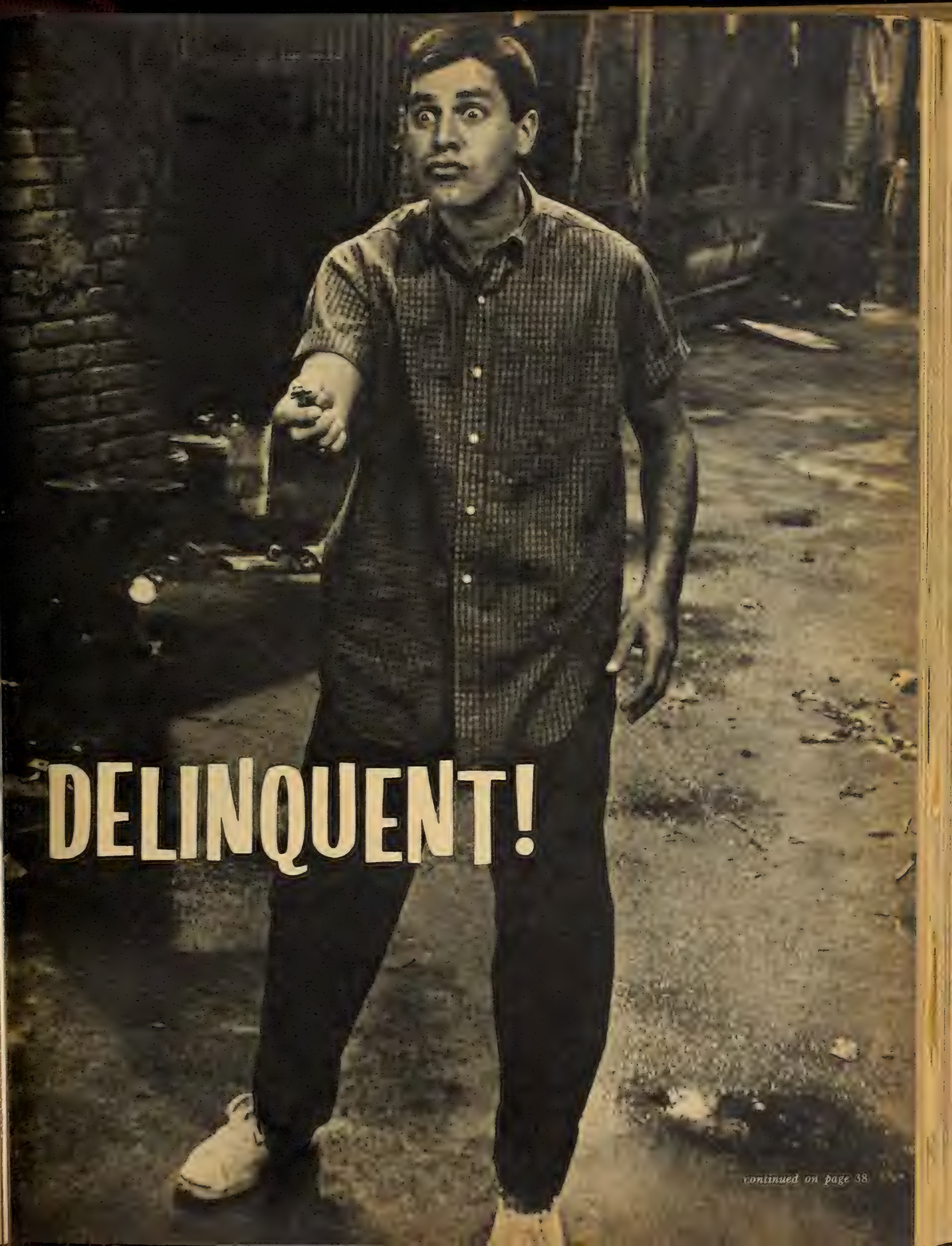
photos by Bill Avery



CARRIED AWAY by switchblade knife, Jerry must be subdued by lovely social worker, Martha Hyer, who uses friendly persuasion.

LOOK WHO'S

**Jerry makes like a menace
in a tenement jungle until a lady
social worker straightens
him out for law, order and love**



DELINQUENT!



POOR JERRY doesn't seem to relish the prospect of wrestling with The Great Togo, leading villain of the mat in Los Angeles arenas.



DISMAY is written all over Jerry's face as he begins the plunge to the mat after being thrown by Togo in "Delicate Delinquent" scene.

**Jerry's reform begins with
a wrestling course at a police
training academy and is
he sorry when he meets his
instructor, The Great Togo**

PRETZEL-bending technique takes its toll on Jerry who's "bent" on becoming a rookie cop.



END

NATALIE WOOD ASKS:

"Why do they lie about

"Most of the stories they tell about me are false," says Natalie and gives the evidence to prove it

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER



FRIENDSHIP with Sal Mineo (or Elvis) is a far cry from romance, says Natalie.

IT has been said that Natalie Wood has been more misquoted, misunderstood and misinterpreted than any other young actress in Hollywood. The easiest way to set the record straight, we think, is to play that old game of "True or False" with Natalie . . . and she agrees. So here we go!

Q. True or false, that you indulged in "pajama parties," as reported, while you were in New York?

A. False. I don't even know what a "pajama party" is—unless it's a sort of slumber party such as we used to have when we were pre-teenage girls. Those reports were definitely, completely, false and I resented them very much.

Q. True or false, that you have managed to persuade no less than FOUR nationally syndicated columnists to print retractions of things they had printed about you? Many a seasoned troupier has never dared to ask for a retraction from these people, no matter what they have written.

A. True. But (ruefully) I sometimes wonder if a retraction does much good. The story, itself, gets a big play at the top of the column, with a big headline. The retraction, if you get one, comes weeks later in tiny print at the bottom of the column and probably no one reads it at all. But there is some satisfaction in getting it anyway.

One retraction was after a big story appeared saying I had been having an important romance with John Ireland just after he and Joanne Dru broke up.

What actually happened was that I happened to be having lunch with Dennis Hopper who is a friend of John's, when John came in with another girl. John and his friend stopped to speak to Dennis and me and they sat down and chatted a few minutes. That's *all* there was to it! But the next day this columnist came out with the story that John Ireland and I were in the "big romance" department.

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me?"





FEMME FATALE? "I hope I'm nothing like that," says Natalie. "I'm just a normal teenager whose job plunges me into the spotlight."



LIFE and place of her own? Natalie prefers to stay with her family.

A high-spirited teenager, Natalie

Well, now you can't have a thing like that! Especially when John and Joanne Dru were just breaking up their marriage. I had to ask for a retraction. And I got it.

Q. True or false, that you were ever engaged to Elvis Presley, as was widely reported?

A. False. I never was engaged to him and never even considered it. Nor did he, I'm sure. Of course, we had a lot of fun together. But I've never been engaged to anyone.

And then there were all those reports about our being "alone together" in Memphis. Those were completely untrue. His father and mother chaperoned us the entire time I was there. And it wasn't true, either, that my own father and mother objected violently to my going to Memphis, no matter what anyone says. They knew I would be chaperoned, they consented to my going and they took me to the airport when I left. They met me when I came back, too. We never had the slightest friction about my trip to Memphis, believe me.

And, while we're talking about my father and mother, I'd like to spike another story which has appeared again and again. That's the one about my mother not liking Jimmy Dean.

She did like him very much, although I didn't actually see him as often as the newspaper stories said I did. Still, I did go out with him, I did work with him, he came to the house and both my father and my mother liked and approved of him. I'd



RUG-CUTTING is the most. Rumors that Nat and best friend Tab Hunter had a "serious quarrel" were untrue. She's in "Bombers B-52."

thinks dates are strictly for fun, is serious only about her career

like to get that straight for Jimmy's sake. That story is false.

Q. True or false, that you and Nick Adams were prepared to be married at a wedding chapel in Las Vegas and that you suddenly lost your nerve and fled back to Hollywood?

A. False. Nick and I were in Las Vegas to do a magazine layout which required us to pose in front of some points of local or scenic interest. The wedding chapel was supposed to be one of them so we posed there.

Some people who saw the pictures wrote stories to the effect that we had actually planned to be married in the chapel that day but that we got cold feet. That story was false and that was another time I demanded—and got—a retraction.

Q. What other stories which were printed were so "false" that you demanded that the writers take them back?

A. One of them was that I had had a serious quarrel with Tab Hunter. That was definitely false and I don't know how it ever started.

Tab and I are great friends. Sometimes, because our work separates us, we don't see one another for a long time . . . maybe weeks. But when our work does let us get together again, then there we are, having so much fun together.

We like so many of the same things, so many of the same people. We're sort of . . . let's say . . . comfortable . . . together. It's a nice, easy relationship.

I definitely want to put the record straight about that. Tab and I have never had a fight. We are friends and we expect it to keep on being that way.

Q. True or false, as reported, that you prefer older men to men of your own age group? That you plan to be a "femme fatale"?

A. Oh, false . . . false! I don't know why people keep writing and printing those things. Look! I'm 18. I'm having fun and meeting and getting to know a great many people, most of them my own age but occasionally, after all, someone a bit more mature.

A report came out of New York that I was "seriously interested" in Oleg Cassini. What actually happened was that we were at a social function in New York and happened to be standing near one another when a picture was shot. Perhaps Oleg was looking politely attentive, as a man of his breeding might do. I don't know. But the story started.

I am sure that his interest in me was no more serious than mine was in him. He must have been as embarrassed as I was when these reports were printed. But what can you do?

And as for that "femme fatale" thing, well that puzzles me, too. If I understand the term rightly it means some ultra-alluring woman who leads men astray. I hope I am nothing like that and I am certainly not trying to be any such thing.

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DON MURRAY

Marriage by Murray



Like his career and his whole life, Don's marriage is guided by a rare sense of purpose which makes him an enigma to Hollywood

By PAUL BENEDICT

ECONOMY is a firm principle for Don and Hope Lange, an actor's wife sans mink.

SIX weeks before their baby was born, Don Murray and his wife, Hope Lange, were discussing one of the most important decisions of their lives. More correctly, Don was making it for both of them.

"We really should buy the house we looked at today . . ."

Hope wasn't convinced. There wasn't much money in the bank. The baby was due soon, which meant added responsibilities. And while both their careers, particularly Don's, had taken terrific strides in recent months—they were too new to consider themselves solidly established. And so she hesitated. "We're living in an awfully nice house now. Don't you think we should wait a little longer?"

"No, I don't. Maybe we're taking a chance. But now is the time to do it."

"All right, Don. If you say so . . ."

The next morning the property was bought.

Don is no more the bossy type of husband than Hope the meek little housewife who gets beaten down by her spouse. In their kind of marriage they simply agree that since the

husband carries the major burden of responsibilities, he is the one to make the important decisions. This attitude has prevented any serious disagreements.

Not that Don gets his way all the time. Other, less important, problems are worked out by compromise. Like how to decorate their new house, or what kind of car to buy.

If Hope had her way, for instance, the bedroom would have been feminine and frilly. Had they followed Don's original suggestion, it would have looked like a den. They agreed on an in-between solution.

Deciding on a car proved more difficult. A couple of weeks before Don started "Hatful Of Rain" at 20th Century-Fox, the Murrays felt the time had come to turn the old Dodge sedan back to its owner—their landlord—and buy a car of their own, particularly since they had now decided to settle down in California on a permanent basis.

Don had his idea of the kind of car he thought they ought to get, and so did Hope. They were almost a hundred horsepower, two models and several shades apart.

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DON MURRAY continued

Unaffected by success, the Murrays still



HAPPY over his booming career and new son, Don hopes to give the boy the same self-reliance that he learned from his own father.

enjoy "the simple things in life"

After dinner one evening, Don suggested they go for a drive along Wilshire Boulevard, to canvass some of the show-rooms lining that street.

Two hours later they were still undecided when they passed a black Chevy convertible. "It's lovely," Hope cried out.

Don agreed.

Half an hour later they put in an order for exactly the same model—to be picked up at the factory by Don's father, who was about to come out on a visit from Long Island anyway. This provided him with transportation, and saved them quite a bit of money as well.

Don and Hope are quite money conscious, mostly out of necessity. While his income is considerable, much of it goes into a project to which he devoted himself several years ago.

In 1953, while Don was working for the Brethren Church in Europe, he became interested in the plight of refugees living in barbed wire encampments on the outskirts of Naples. People without means, not permitted to work, without any future or hope, existing in a world that didn't know what to do with them.

TOGETHER with Beldon Paulson, a fellow he had met in Europe in 1953, Don set in motion a project to enable some of these unfortunate people to emigrate to the United States, and convinced the Italian Government to let the rest help support themselves by setting up their own communities in Southern Italy, and to become self-sufficient by developing their own industries and agriculture.

The initial money for this enterprise comes entirely out of Don's and Hope's earnings, which means they have to restrict their own spending to a bare minimum.

TIME OUT to walk a little and talk a little is highly prized by the Murrys. Don will next be seen in 20th's "A Hatful Of Rain."



DECIDING major problems like buying a new house is a man's responsibility, Don and Hope believe, but mostly they compromise.

Don and Hope are not stingy, but neither do they believe in extravagances, even if they could afford them. Hope is probably the only girl married to a successful actor who doesn't own her own fur coat! Don is even more conservative with himself. Before he will get a new suit or coat, it usually takes his Missus several days to talk him into it.

They don't have a budget in the conventional manner. Whoever runs short will cash a check, keep part of it, and give the rest to the other. Generally speaking, Hope buys the groceries and takes care of the minor bills, while Don signs the checks covering the major expenditures, like the car or the house they just bought.

So far their only large expenditure has been their new Beverly Hills home. Even that was reasonably priced, and Don himself took care of the redecorating. In fact, one morning an agent driving down his street suddenly slammed on his brakes when he found a tall, lanky, good-looking fellow painting the outside of the house.

After introducing himself, he exclaimed, "I'd never have thought I'd find a painter who looks so much like Don Murray. It's amazing."

"But . . ." Don began.

"No buts," he cut in. "I can't promise you anything. But you come to my office tomorrow morning and we'll see what I can do. Ever act before? I mean, in high school, or anything like that . . ."

"Sure," grinned Don. "I just finished a picture at 20th Century-Fox with Eva Marie Saint and Tony Franciosa . . ."

The agent gulped hard and took off.

The Murrys have managed to keep down their expenses in other ways as well. Hope is still doing her own housework,

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JEAN SEBERG:

Wunderkind

**Fresh out of Marshalltown
(Iowa) H. S., Jean's still dizzy
from her sudden election
to portray Shaw's "Saint Joan"**



photos by Curt Gunther



SURPRISED by her good luck, Jean is starry-eyed over meeting celebrities like her co-star Sir John Gielgud and Ingrid Bergman.

DONNING her 30-pound armor takes Jean half an hour. Producer Otto Preminger chose her from 150 girls after a world-wide contest.

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JEAN SEBERG continued

After only a season's experience in summer stock, teenage Jean will star as the Maid of Orleans



SHORN to portray the warrior Joan, Jean wears a wig over her half-inch crew cut in early scenes as the peasant girl from Domremy.



KNEELING in the cathedral for the climactic coronation scene or meditating off-camera, Jean's face reflects the gravity of her role.





FINISHING touches are put on Jean's armor. The only feminine principal in "St. Joan," she worked during 36 of the 41 days of shooting. **END**

YOU CAN HELP SOLVE

**"STAND UP
AND BE
COUNTED"**



BOB RUSSELL
STAR OF CBS TELEVISION'S
"STAND UP AND BE COUNTED"

Rock Hudson's Dilemma

**Should Rock sing romantic ballads in his record debut
or risk a try at his beloved folk songs?**

By BOB RUSSELL

ROCK HUDSON has a problem on which he sincerely wants help and advice. Perhaps you can help him. If you can, he will be grateful.

Perhaps you didn't know that Rock can sing. But he can, and very well, too, and the record companies have known it for some time and have been urging him to make some recordings. But Rock is a modest guy and he felt that he wasn't ready. He needed voice lessons and coaching, he needed practice and he needed to gain self-confidence.

For Rock, as everyone knows who knows him at all, is a true music lover with a wholesome respect for music. From his earliest, rather poverty-stricken days in pictures, he has spent much more than he could really afford on record players and an impressive collection of records to play on them. Whenever Rock was at home, even in that stark little first apartment of his, he has had music . . . music . . . music . . .

He gardened to music, built furniture to music, studied his lines with a merry tune in his ears. Mostly he liked his music *loud* and occasionally heard from his neighbors about it.

People who were invited to his house were aware that if they didn't want to hear a lot of music they'd better not go. Because at Rock's house they were going to be subjected to music, willy-nilly. The man was steeped in it.

He haunted concerts and symphonies whenever his work would allow and about the only times he went to night

clubs . . . or does now . . . were when he heard that there were good, original numbers or unusual talent on the show.

As he progressed in his career, of course, he bought more and more elaborate musical equipment and more and more recordings of various kinds. Recently he has been going in for all sorts of Hi-Fi equipment and, as any Hi-Fi enthusiast can tell you, there is practically no limit to that hobby. It can go on to infinity!

Probably one of the major adjustments Phyllis had to make when she married Rock was to accustom herself to having music . . . loud music . . . from morning until night, unless her husband was working in a picture at the studio. With no peaceful silences in between.

Phyllis alleged, loyally, that she loved music too and enjoyed it. But, as some friend remarked, it took a strong woman to love music *that* much. It must really be love.

However, she has had variety because Rock's tastes in music are wide and tolerant. He apparently loves it all, from the severest classic right down the line to rock 'n' roll . . . with some interesting and unusual sidelines.

And that is one reason for Rock's present dilemma. What type of thing should he do for his recordings? What will his fans like best?

"I wouldn't think of attempting anything too ambitious, such as opera or even the more serious concert numbers," he



MODEST Rock, who's received careful coaching for his first recording session, wants to be sure that his selection will please his fans.

says. "And I don't think I'm really the rock 'n' roll type. . . . But there are so many other things."

Some of his advisers think that he should choose ballads, which he does very well, and stick to those. Others think that he should try to do a variety of things, "to show how versatile he is." Rock, himself, is a bit wistful over a wonderful collection of folk songs he possesses and would rather like to concentrate on those. They have been heard seldom and he thinks it would be an interesting experiment. More advisers say, "Unh-uh. Too risky. Choose something familiar."

But Rock doesn't want to be just another singer, doing the old familiar things. If he is going to do this thing at all, he would like to do something distinctive.

So he now wonders whether he should concentrate on ballads, at which he is admittedly good? Or should he try a different and novel category, such as the folk songs which he loves to sing?

In this first experiment at singing in public, Rock is really baffled. He would really like to know what people want to hear him do.

Will you fill out the ballot on this page with your advice to him?

END

Watch "Stand Up And Be Counted," produced by Robert Wald, Monday through Friday on CBS-TV, 1:10-1:30 p.m., EDT.

Results of your balloting will be sent to
Rock Hudson and posted in September SCREENLAND



Paste ballot on postcard and mail to:

SCREENLAND

Box 52, 10 E. 40 St., New York 16, N. Y.

CHECK ONE

- ☐ Rock Hudson should sing romantic ballads
☐ Rock Hudson should sing his favorite folk songs

NAME _____ **AGE** _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____

Here's How You Voted on Deborah Kerr's Dilemma:
Deborah should sell her house—33% She should keep her house—67%

SCREENLAND | fashions



That's one reversible skirt you're looking at—striped on one side and plain on the other, for double your money's worth. Match to striped or plain top. By Juniorite.

the **NEW LOOK** in summer vacation fashions



By Natalie Wood

*Warner Bros. star now
appearing in "Bombers B-52."*

**A girl can never look prettier
than in the fresh gay clothes of summer
and here's your wardrobe to prove it!**

IF you love clothes—and of course you do—there's no time like summertime to express yourself with fashion. First of all, summer fashions are less expensive than other clothes—and that's heavenly! So you can buy more of them, and have lots more variety. And you don't have to stick to one safe color scheme, so that everything "goes with" your coat. You can branch out and experiment! And if you want to have a fling with crazy hats or mad shoes, here's your chance, because they're so much easier on the budget than "important" accessories in other seasons. So here goes! I've had an advance peek at the new look that's coming up for the vacation season, and it's wonderful. It's really new, too, with lots of fresh ideas that look entirely different from what you wore last summer. The blouson top is all over the place—a bloused-back top, sometimes with a drawstring around the middle, to wear everywhere from the beach to a big date. And there's the whole thirties idea—a revival of the fashions of the 1930's, which you and I don't remember, but which is gay and young and rather flirty. The '30's look is generally loose and easy, not fitted, with lowered waistlines, pleated skirts, and Chanel-ish

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The pure silk shirtmaker dress, in perfect taste for summer street or slightly "dressed" occasions.



The beautiful molded linen with curved and buttoned yoke. Both by Nantucket Naturals.

FASHIONS continued

jackets. There are lots of middies, too, with sailor-boy dickies and braided colors, mostly in navy and white, like the ones they used to wear at Newport. But all that's the very latest, so new it's just on its way in. Meantime, for you who like to show your small waists, there are still plenty of fitted dresses around, and lots of casual separates with the sleeveless tops and full skirts you love. The shirtwaist dress is still the unbeatable all-time classic, and if the sheath is your best silhouette, you'll find summer ones in dozens of colors and fabrics. Remember, though, that not every summer fashion is good taste everywhere, every time! Cute as playclothes are, bare-topped, no-backed sport clothes really don't look quite right on city streets. And a beautifully made linen shirt dress is far too "dressed" to wear to a picnic! On these pages I've collected for you a suggested summer wardrobe. They represent *types* of clothes you need—make your own substitutions according to your personal taste. You'll find clothes like these on sale throughout the country, in a wide variety of fabrics and prices. The ones on these pages range from under \$10 to under \$40. Happy shopping, and have a wonderful summer!



Exciting way to entertain at home—in cotton brocade separates. Choose pants with cuffed shirt, or full skirt and scoop. By Susan Laurie.

The printed pongee shirtmaker in Celanese, crisp and cool for a very hot day. Or dress it up for a summer date. By Kay Windsor.





The blouson top, smash hit of the season, in stitched Wellington Sears duck, over front-button very brief shorts.

Pedal pushers and a buttoned square-necked top, so that you can toast your midriff. In Wellington Sears duck. By Alfred Paquette. **END**

JOAN COLLINS SAYS:

Girls! Learn to

"MEN HAVE all the luck," insists Joan. This policeman in New York's Central Park certainly agrees after chatting with the beautiful Briton.



wolf-whistle

By JOHN MAYNARD

"Down with the double standard!" cries Britain's gift to Hollywood, an outspoken believer in equality of the sexes

IN THE view of Joan Collins—and a handsome view she is—something ruddy well better be done, and done quick, about the contemporary axiom that the girl has to sit around and wait for the boy to call. Phone, that is.

This way of things upsets Miss Collins badly, as do other aspects of the double standard.

She figures it is grossly unfair to her sex that its membership must wait for the ring, the wolf-whistle, or even *the* ring. Ever hear of the girl asking the boy to marry her? Beam it that way, yes, but not do the asking directly.

"Not that I ever would," said Miss C. hastily during a recent conversation that dealt as well with other topics. "Do the asking, I mean. Or even call a boy I was interested in. One must go with the conventions, and all that. But the conventions are so stupid. All the girls can do is wait. And wait. And wait. And if the boy she likes doesn't make the first move, she's utterly—what? Paralyzed? Or is immobilized what I mean? Well, never mind. The day'll come when all that will be changed."

There is some exterior evidence that Miss Collins herself—oh, you've seen her in pictures—would not lack for dates, and she doesn't. It's the principle that gets her down.

"What if I were at a dance?" she asked after a while. Of course, she wasn't. The hour was wrong. Besides she was eating lunch (sandwich) at the 20th Century-Fox commissary between bouts with a picture called "The Wayward Bus." This commissary, or any studio commissary, is a place where the eyes have a tendency to table-hop, and Joan's eyes did so. Not



UPSIDE-DOWN rules give a woman the vote, explains Joan, but not the right to ask a man, openly, to marry her.

her audience's, however. Never that. "Where was I?" she said, after a visual stroll from one end of the room to the other. "Oh yes," she said. "I'm at this dance and there's a boy I especially like. Can I ask *him* to dance? Can I cut in on *him*? Ridiculous! But it's just as ridiculous that I can't. So really stupid. And finally maybe—and I don't just mean maybe—a girl marries the man she doesn't want to because her hands are tied and her lips sealed. They may have given women the vote but they forgot about a lot of other equal rights when they did. Women should have the same privileges as men, right down the line."

"And the same responsibilities?"

The question, in this particular case, was singularly apropos. When, in May of last year, Joan Collins won an interlocutory decree of divorce from actor Maxwell Reed, *she* paid *him*.

"And that," said Miss C., "is a very long story, and for another time. But you see I'm a good source anyway. Now back to what I was saying. I'm interested in this man, say. It happens I'm not, and not in *that* man either. There's no one special. I date around and love it. I won't marry for years. I'm only 24. No, not Arthur Loew—I could see it coming. But say I *am* interested. And we date. But he doesn't call again. Now maybe it's just because I wasn't attractive to him—that's the usual reason. But sometimes there's something else, something that could be cleared up if only society granted a woman one little bit of initiative. But it doesn't. That would make her unladylike. I'm not talking about her being *aggressive*. I'm talking only of reasonable latitude. So he doesn't call back, and he doesn't and he doesn't; and the very best I could do

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"Why should a girl pine away, waiting for a man to call her?" is Joan's logical complaint

would be something real square, like phoning to ask if I'd left an earring in the car. And if he said no, and *then* never called again, that would be it. *Finis*.

"But the *man*. He can call until you and he both are blue in the face. I've had men call me—and this is Joan Collins speaking again—every night for months, and get nothing but no for an answer. And do they take the hint? You wouldn't believe it! I can't be so unkind as to say point-blank, I don't want to go out with you! I think you're revolting, something like that. That's plain brutality. But you'd think it would sink through. Women take the rebuff of silence, of the no-call, no-write, without a word, because they must. And they do it with pride and dignity—they have no choice. But by the double standard, a man can be as much of a boor as he likes—and be considered pretty hot stuff for it. I don't say there is no justice, but there could be more on the social level where women are concerned, and I invite all interested girls to join me in the crusade."

Joan Collins's name is Joan Collins, which is a sort of funny thing when you come to think of it. She is British and looks like a countrywoman of hers, a Mrs. Todd, and she speaks in the clipped, rapid manner of her tight little isle. She is what a casting director might call hot-eyed—meaning, mainly, dark and large—and to the front office of the 20th Century-Fox Studio, she epitomizes sex more than anyone in its employ unless there be one exception. But that last would be a matter of measurement; and even then, a bulge of not more than an inch.

"Also," Miss Collins observed not long ago, "if sex is purely a matter of measurements, then someone must be very wrong. Actually, if that were the case, you could sweep out every studio in town and bring in replacements by the thousands."

It is not likely that Miss Collins's thoughtful remark was born of nervousness, although it is possible. She is edgy and uncertain about her career right now, having the feeling that "The Wayward Bus" will determine her direction once and for all—onward and upward, or out.

"I can't stay in one place," she said the other day. "No one can. It's one or the other. What I'm really looking for is a rut." There was a mild interruption. The studio attache present either spilled or threw his water all over Miss Collins. No actress in the history of 20th Century-Fox has previously stated for publication that she was pining to be in a rut.

YOU can throw all the water you want," said Miss C., mopping herself off, "but that's just what I'm after. All this running around from one sort of role to another is getting me nowhere. I don't know just what *kind* of rut I want. Maybe dramatic or sexy or comedy—I don't know. But I'd like to get settled, all right. I know it's not the usual thing to say, but have you ever looked around Hollywood and thought how many of its biggest stars have got there by picking out their rut and staying in it? And I do mean the biggest. No, there's nothing wrong with a rut if it fits you right. I don't mean a vacuum, you understand. I mean a rut you can grow in. I'd like to play Cleopatra. Perhaps that'll start a ball rolling in the right direction."

Joan's part in "The Wayward Bus" is dramatic and rather slatternly. Conceivably it is not the sort of rut she seeks. Cleopatra, considering Miss C.'s attainments, sounds better.

"When Joan," a studio publicist has declared, "walks



TIME OUT for busy Joan. She will soon be seen in "Seawife," "Island In The Sun," and "The Wayward Bus," all of them for 20th.

through our end of the office, all work stops. And you must admit, we have our share of voltage back there. But she stops us dead where no one else can. Or to check that for diplomacy, just about no one else."

For a while along in there, she was talking yankee bop with the British intonation, but the bop's about gone now and the intonation is flattening out a trifle. However, she does like bop music and American Jazz and is acquiring a staggering collection of both.

The cosier trivia indicates that she sleeps, in her modern apartment, with the living room light on and cannot and will not cook. She started her career playing a juvenile delinquent and still has little patience with the Girl Next Door in the sense that it would apply to her as actress or person. She's mildly superstitious, banging one elbow purposely if she accidentally bangs the other, and she still thinks well of the 20th Century-Fox official who on first seeing her, remarked: "Lend-lease is finally paying off."

She's a dancer of roughly professional stature and likes to dance to her radio to pass time. That she looks like Liz Taylor—and she does, markedly—she declines to admit; and once in her abortive stage years, she cackled hysterically throughout a heavily dramatic scene. Someone had told her a joke she liked just before she went on.

For the moment, nothing else of historic value *re* Joan Collins presents itself, though time doubtless will take care of that. Time may likewise get around to letting her assume a few male prerogatives in the courtship dodge. Nothing would please her more.

END

MIKE WALLACE:

TV's top grill master

**His unorthodox way of interviewing guests
has brought fame to Mike Wallace on his "Night Beat" show**

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN



NO flatterer, Mike knows what he wants and needles his "Night Beat" guests until he gets it.

THE DuMont Telecenter in New York has the peculiar green look of an aquarium into which someone forgot to put fish. I slithered in out of the rain and was ushered through a yellow-lit maze into an office and there sat Mike Wallace. I recalled how someone had described Wallace's "Night Beat" program as "part Person To Person and part Spanish Inquisition."

"I'm a terrible interviewer," I said, flinching under his steady gaze, "and you're so good—"

"But I have so much more help than you," he said, charmingly. "I have a whole research staff digging away for me."

"How do you feel about your two ex-wives talking about you in the newspapers?" I said, referring to a recent series that had been written about him.

"If they want to talk about me I can't stop them," he said, mildly. "Anyway, they said pleasant things about me."

They did, too. Buff Cobb, from whom he was divorced in 1955, said that his present wife, Lorraine (nee Perigord), was probably ideal for him and that he'd obviously grown up since the time she (Buff) had been married to him.

"Well," Mike said, "I wouldn't say it's that I've grown up. It's just that in the last two years I've done a lot of serious thinking about myself and I suppose you could say I've found myself. By the way, I just finished making a movie—my first—this afternoon. Elia Kazan is shooting some scenes here—in a studio on East 57th Street—for 'Faces In The Crowd.' I sat around with Budd Schulberg (he wrote the book) and he wrote in a scene for me. A little scene. It probably won't run more than 45 seconds. I interview someone who is going to run for Senator."

"What else did you do today?" I asked.

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"I spent some time answering mail. Then at 12 I went out to work on a man-in-the-street newsmag. The subject was whether Communist Editor John Gates should be allowed to speak before college groups. Then I made the movie and by three o'clock was back in the office, catching up on my reading.

"I have to do a tremendous amount of reading for 'Night Beat' (mostly newspapers and periodicals). You get to know a lot of things, but not very deeply.

"Then I went to the doctor. I had a sore throat. He told me to stop smoking for a few days. I probably should. After that I had to go all the way down to a garage on 12th Street to pick up my son's car." (Strictly speaking, it's his son through marriage. Mike's two sons, by his first marriage to Norma Kaphan, aren't old enough to drive cars—Peter, being 14, and Christopher, nine. Lorraine's children, who live with them, are Anthony, 17, and Pauline, 10.)

The phone rang and Mike answered it.

"Where was I?" he said, turning to me. "Oh, yes. Now I'm here talking to you. At seven o'clock there's the newscast. Then I'll go out for a bite to eat, come back and work through till midnight. Week-ends I spend walking, reading, eating and sleeping."

"How does it feel being a big celebrity?" I asked. (Although he's been on radio for 17 years, it's "Night Beat" that has won him the most fame.)

"Well, people come up to me on the street. Just the other day a man came up and made a fist. 'Keep asking 'em, Mike,' he said."

"Don't you ever feel you're invading personal privacy on your show?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I don't feel that. I don't ask personal questions for the sake of prying. We're mainly interested in ideas and motives on 'Night Beat,' and I ask personal questions only when they throw some light on what we're discussing. Sometimes I have a hard time keeping my own opinion out of it, but Ted Yates is always there keeping me straight and I've learned to control myself."

HE met his wife in Puerto Rico in 1955. Mike was down there to "sub" for Robert Young as emcee of a March of Dimes dance at the Caribe-Hilton Hotel.

The story goes that he was sitting alongside the tennis courts (walking and tennis are his favorite sports) and this ethereal blonde with braids down to her waist passed by.

"Who's that?" Mike asked the pro.

The tennis pro took in Mike's suavity and told him to forget it. Besides, the pro said, she runs the art gallery at the hotel and works nights.

Mike wandered over to the gallery and Lorraine told him the same thing—she worked nights.

By the end of the week he discovered

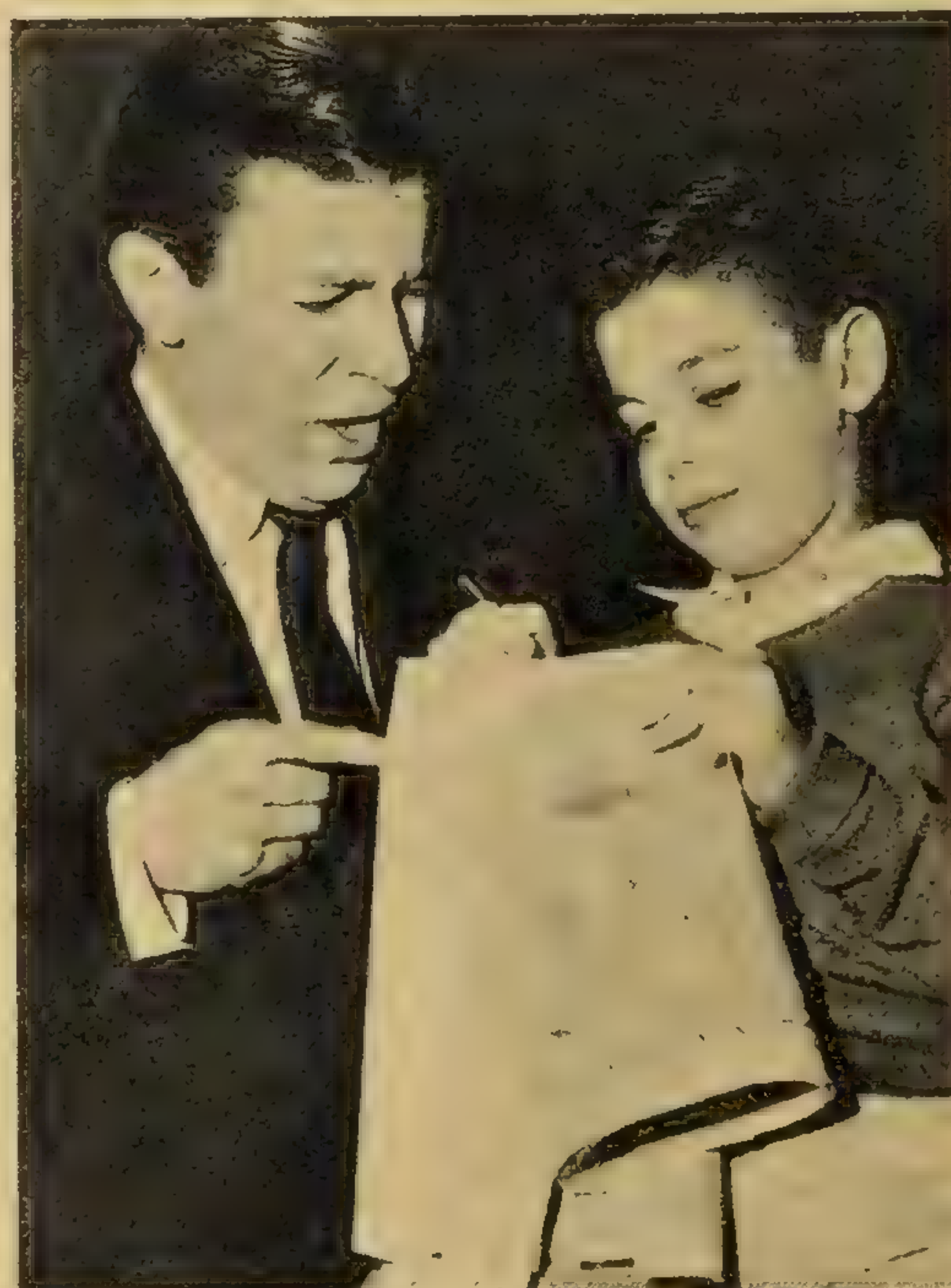
over dinner that she was of French descent, born in Pasadena, divorced, an artist with a workshop-gallery in Haiti and 34 years old. They were married about five months later, in New York.

"This marriage," he says, "is forever."

The eagle-eyed reporter who wrote the newspaper series on Wallace describes Lorraine as gracious, feminine and reserved with "the habit of gazing adoringly at Mike when she thinks no one is looking."

"There's no organized recreation in our household," Mike says. "We are extremely 'talky.' Lorraine and I discuss everything—world affairs, my work, our plans, books we're reading—anything that comes into our minds."

Once he's in bed, Mike doesn't like to get out of it. He likes to sleep late and have breakfast brought to him. Then he'll get up, dress, and flop back onto the bed to catch up on his reading.



WITH Leonard Ross, a young contestant on "The Big Surprise," which Mike also emceed.

I asked Mike if he felt that he was fulfilling himself in "Night Beat" or if he had plans for something even bigger. He said he enjoyed his work and planned to keep it up indefinitely. To another writer, who once commented on the variety and hectic quality of his career, Mike said, "You fill your own personal vessel for a good many years without realizing you are doing so; without knowing *why* you are doing the jobs you do. You sell time on a small station in the Midwest. You write eight five-minute newscasts a day for \$55 a week. You emcee a beauty contest, play bit parts, announce here, emcee there—on and on—seeming to mark time that stands still . . . until suddenly, the bits and pieces fall together, the pattern begins to emerge—and the pattern is that of a capable performer.

"So many young people on TV today are too intent on the showcase aspect of show business, instead of developing and

broadening their own personalities by living and learning. With rare exceptions, the top personalities in show business—in any medium—have done a lot of living and learning. And that takes time."

Mike started living in 1918 in Brookline, Mass., where he was born. His father, a wholesale grocer and later an insurance broker, was able to provide good educations for his two sons and two daughters. He was also able to provide Mike with "whatever ideals I have—honesty, the Golden Rule, and a strong sense of responsibility."

MIKE met his first wife at the University of Michigan where he was also interested in radio, speech and dramatics. After graduation, Mike got a \$20 a week job at a Grand Rapids station named WOOD-WASH. It wasn't much, but to Mike it was proof positive that the field he loved was letting him in. Naturally, he did everything, from sweeping floors to writing and announcing commercials. In 1941, he got a job at WXYZ in Detroit, for \$50 a week. The job was to announce for "The Lone Ranger" and "The Green Hornet."

From Detroit, Mike went to Chicago where he'd won a competitive audition and was hired to announce a daytime serial and do a newscast. In 1943, he went into the Navy and came out, in 1946, with the rank of Lieutenant, j. g. Back to Chicago and late-night interviews from the Balinese Room of the Blackstone Hotel and, during the day, announcing on so many network radio programs that he was unofficially known as Mr. Radio.

Somewhere, the marriage failed, and Buff Cobb came into the picture. In 1951, Mike was in New York and began the first of the more than 2,000 interviews he's conducted on radio and television. He even managed, in 1954, to appear on Broadway in a play called "Reclining Figure." The play closed fast but Mike got good reviews.

Before his divorce from Buff Cobb they had a "Mr. and Mrs." show. Afterward, Mike got his present news telecast on Channel 5, and the years he'd put in started to pay off. NBC asked him if he'd like to co-host with Margaret Truman on "Weekday." Right after he met Lorraine, NBC-TV asked him if he'd like to emcee "The Big Surprise." In October of last year, "Night Beat" began. At the end of April it was turned into a weekly half-hour network (ABC) show with a different name. But the game is the same.

As Bennet Cerf describes it: "Far from buttering up victims in the approved fashion, and murmuring a succession of 'wonderfuls' and 'amazings,' Mike needles them into revealing what really makes them tick—and who are their pet hates."

"Ideas and motives are what we want," Mike keeps saying.

That's what he gets. And, all in all, he's never been happier. **END**

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 12

The youngster looked right into the camera and yawned. No wonder they named him after Perry Como.

OUTSPOKEN—Hugh O'Brian doesn't fence the marriage issue. TV's Wyatt Earp feels this is the year for him to get married. His career is on the upbeat, he has security, and the time now to think about such things. Although he hasn't said whom he's thinking about, he's been seeing a lot of Monique Van Vooren.

TRIM TWOSOME—On the other side of the romantic ledger, Dennis Hopper isn't keeping it a secret that he prefers Venetia Stevenson. They drive look-alike cars, lunch daily at Warners, and boast similar hair styles. Venetia has had her blonde hair cropped almost as short as Dennis' Napoleon bob. Her ex, Russ Tamblyn, has just been called into service by Uncle Sam.

CARRIAGE TRADE—Rosemary Clooney and Mrs. Jerry Lewis are two gals who believe in large families. Patti is expecting her fourth, while Rosemary's little "Toulouse-Lautrec" will be baby number three for her and hubby, Jose Ferrer. Incidentally, you've never seen a layette such as Rosemary's accumulated. Everything from lace christening caps to open-toed straw sandals. "What no maracas?" we inquired. "Sure," she promised and immediately produced a pair the size of rattles. Many of the gifts are from Jose's fans in his native Puerto Rico.

JUST PLAIN JACK—And, speaking of Sernas, the handsome "Paris" in "Helen Of Troy," is becoming quite Americanized. He and his wife and baby daughter have just moved into a home in Bel-Air, and he's instructed all his new friends to call him Jack instead of the Gallic Jacques. In order to get away from that

overly-handsome dubbing, he's cropped his curly blond hair into a two-inch Marine crewcut.

PARTY TIME—Kirk Douglas busted loose with a real wing-ding. The fun-fest was a combined housewarming, farewell to Hollywood (he's off to Europe for film commitments), and a good old-fashioned get-together with his friends. Taking a cue from his picture, "The Viking," Kirk and Ann went Nordic in their decorations, which included a Norwegian coat of arms on their napkins and giant ice carvings of ships as centerpiece. Three hundred guests were on hand.

FAMILY PLANS—Janet Leigh, who hadn't made a film in a year prior to "Badge Of Evil," admits her favorite role is that of mother. In fact, she and Tony hope to have two more youngsters. "We think two boys and a girl would make the perfect combination," they agree. Another new role for Janet is that of co-producer in the couple's Curtleigh Production Company. Understand their first film, "Cortez And Son," will be shot in Mexico and Janet thinks Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren would be an ideal co-star for Tony. How's that for an understanding wife!

THE COVER-UP—Jayne Mansfield, who has been reprimanded for her decollete evening gowns, did an about-face. She arrived at a recent party bundled up to the chin in a white fox cape and refused to take it off even when dancing with favorite fella Mickey Hargitay. The \$5,000 cape was long, and cut full—just like Jayne.

WEDDING BELLS—Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa are shopping for a brownstone apartment as their honeymoon quarters in New York. (She al-



SINGER Julie London, formerly the wife of Jack Webb, will marry musician Bobby Troup.

ready owns a duplex in Beverly Hills.) And Betty Lou Keim and Warren Berlinger, the cute twosome in "Teenage Rebel," are now going steady and may name the date very soon.

MORE NEWLYWEDS—Now that Henry Fonda has won his beautiful Contessa, he can be extremely proud of his tall, regal-looking bride. She has an uncanny style sense that turns heads wherever she goes. Although Afdera is a member of one of Europe's wealthiest families, she's never ostentatious.

PACK OF PECKS—Gregory and wife Veronique, incidentally, have had a full house. Greg's three sons stayed with the couple while their mom, Greta Peck, vacationed in the West Indies. Peck joined the youngsters in their baseball workouts, but the real excitement occurred when their prize Weimaraner had puppies.

SHORT CUT—Doris Day shrugs off that theory women dress to please other women. "Not me," she admits. "I dress to please the men in my life, my husband, Marty, and my son, Terry." In fact, she got their vote of approval before she snipped her locks and turned into an ice blonde.

BUDGET BENDER—Rock Hudson called wife, Phyllis, every day on the trans-Atlantic phone the entire time he was in Italy without her. The studio updated the start of his film, "A Farewell To Arms," and she was hospitalized with a liver complaint, so their plans got scrambled. But things are always happening to them. If it's not time schedules, it's transportation. Their most vivid experience was sightseeing in the mountains, when the brakes of their car gave away. Phyllis was at the wheel, and after a few frightening minutes careening around curves, Rock managed to throw the gearshift in low and bring the car to a stop. Accord-

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RETIRED temporarily from film work, Vera Miles, with hubby Gordon Scott, awaits stork.



PREMIERE party finds Doris Day and Marty Melcher gaily whirling around the dance floor.

The G-Man's Most Wanted Woman

continued from page 35

picture a year for 20th Century-Fox. The rest of the time, she is free to do as she pleases—to wander through Georgia with Eaton, if she wishes, or to make films for other studios.

At the moment she's fed up with Hollywood—eager to spend time elsewhere. But will she be able to adjust to all this?

Let's stop and picture it for a moment.

Picture Eaton's big mansion in a small town 40 miles out of Atlanta. He loves horseback riding, and there are plenty of acres to ride over. He's a superb athlete. Susan, too, has learned to love the outdoors. Perhaps Susan and Eaton and her two boys can share this life together.

Or will he be jealous of this constant reminder that another man, Jess Barker, was first in her life, and is the real father of the two boys? Eaton seems too cosmopolitan, too broad-minded a chap to think that way, but love sometimes has strange facets. It takes a very big man, mentally and spiritually, to love another man's children as he would his own.

To a large extent, the future happiness of Susan and Eaton depends on how he feels about the twins, and how they react to him.

Given half a chance, the two boys will probably be hero worshippers. One of the boys long ago said, when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, "An FBI man." If Eaton chooses, he can keep both boys fascinated with his tales of the FBI, and by taking them fishing, as Susan used to do before her marriage.

In Eaton, Susan has a husband whom she can respect completely. Part of the difficulty between Susan and Jess arose because she lost respect for him. When they were first married, he was a very successful actor, and it appeared that his career was headed for far greater heights than Susan's. But when his popularity ebbed and he couldn't find work as an actor, Susan believed that it was his responsibility as a husband to find some other kind of work. "It would be better to dig ditches than to be idle," she once said, eyes flashing.

But Jess couldn't see it that way.

He was an actor, and he would get work as one. Better to remain idle than to do work for which he wasn't fitted, he argued.

WITH Eaton Chalkley, Susan will, of course, have no such problem. Eaton is resourceful, energetic, successful. His income may very well rival Susan's, or even surpass it. And with Eaton's strong shoulder to lean on, Susan can limit herself to one picture a year, or none at all, if she so desires.

What a contrast from the day when she first married Jess Barker!

Susan's own surprising explanation about that marriage was that she had

talked Jess into it. "I was in love with Jess Barker and we wanted to get married," she said. "He claimed, however, that he wasn't ready for marriage and its innumerable responsibilities.

"I told him he didn't have to worry about taking care of me. I could always take care of myself. Another reason he didn't want to get married was because he was a fresh new actor and was afraid marriage would affect his standing with bobby-soxers."

Today, Susan is marrying a bridegroom who is anything but reluctant. Eaton, like Susan, is a one-time loser in marriage, but he was a bachelor for 11 years before he met Susan.

When Susan mixes in society in Georgia, I haven't a doubt in the world that all



SURPRISE marriage of Susan Hayward and Eaton Chalkley took place in Phoenix, Arizona.

the men who meet her will fall for her immediately, as men nearly always have.

Her problem will be to win the affection and trust of the women in Georgia, and this will be a very difficult job for Susan, with all her charm.

In the first place, they will be a little suspicious of her, because she is a gorgeous Hollywood star, because she is probably more beautiful than any of them, and because she is a divorced woman. To be sure, even in a small town, there are bound to be a couple of divorcees, but their divorces have inevitably been very quiet ones—and not accompanied by black headlines like Susan's.

And there will be rich, proud women who would have given anything to have Eaton as a son-in-law who will now be called upon to accept Susan into their homes. Since Southern hospitality is fabulous, I'm sure that they will, at least outwardly, accept Susan.

But Susan herself has never been a completely outgoing type of person. She

has made friendships slowly. With those she doesn't know, she usually is very reserved, slow to trust them, and sometimes very blunt and outspoken.

Just as Susan will have a problem adjusting herself to life in Georgia, so Eaton may have a problem of adjusting himself to his beautiful but temperamental redhead. "As a member of the redheaded clan," she has said, "I will admit redheads are quicker to blow up and extremely touchy. They are harder to get along with than girls of other colorings."

Can Susan, because of her great love for Eaton, overcome her hot temper?

HOLLYWOOD still remembers with a shudder the black headlines that followed the week-end battle between Susan Hayward and actress Jil Jarmyn in the home of actor Donald Barry.

According to Miss Jarmyn, she had walked into the back door of Donald Barry's home one morning because "I thought I would go in and have coffee with Don. Like I have before."

However, Susan had evidently come in for an earlier cup of coffee.

"She came in screaming, 'Who is this?'" said Miss Jarmyn, "and then started swinging at me with a clothes brush. She hit me on the head with it."

Said one Hollywood columnist, "Don must brew a heck of a cup of coffee!"

Actually, this episode took place about fifteen months ago. What a lot of difference fifteen months can make!

In the past year, Susan has found that she is not only a symbol of success, but a woman, with a woman's heart. And being a very emotional woman, she is dependent for her sense of security upon the love of someone she loves.

Like most women, she is a bit possessive, and wants to be sure she commands every bit of a man's love.

With Don Barry, she could never have been sure that she was loved for herself. After all, he had a great deal to gain in favorable publicity if columnists saw them at the night clubs together and linked their names together in print.

In Eaton she has the kind of man she subconsciously wanted—a man of mature strength, a man she can look up to. Even when the woman is someone who has had to fight all her battles alone, unaided, something in her still cries out for the man of her heart, someone who can protect her from too much conflict.

Summing up her own life, Susan once said, "I'm the girl who has made all the mistakes in the book."

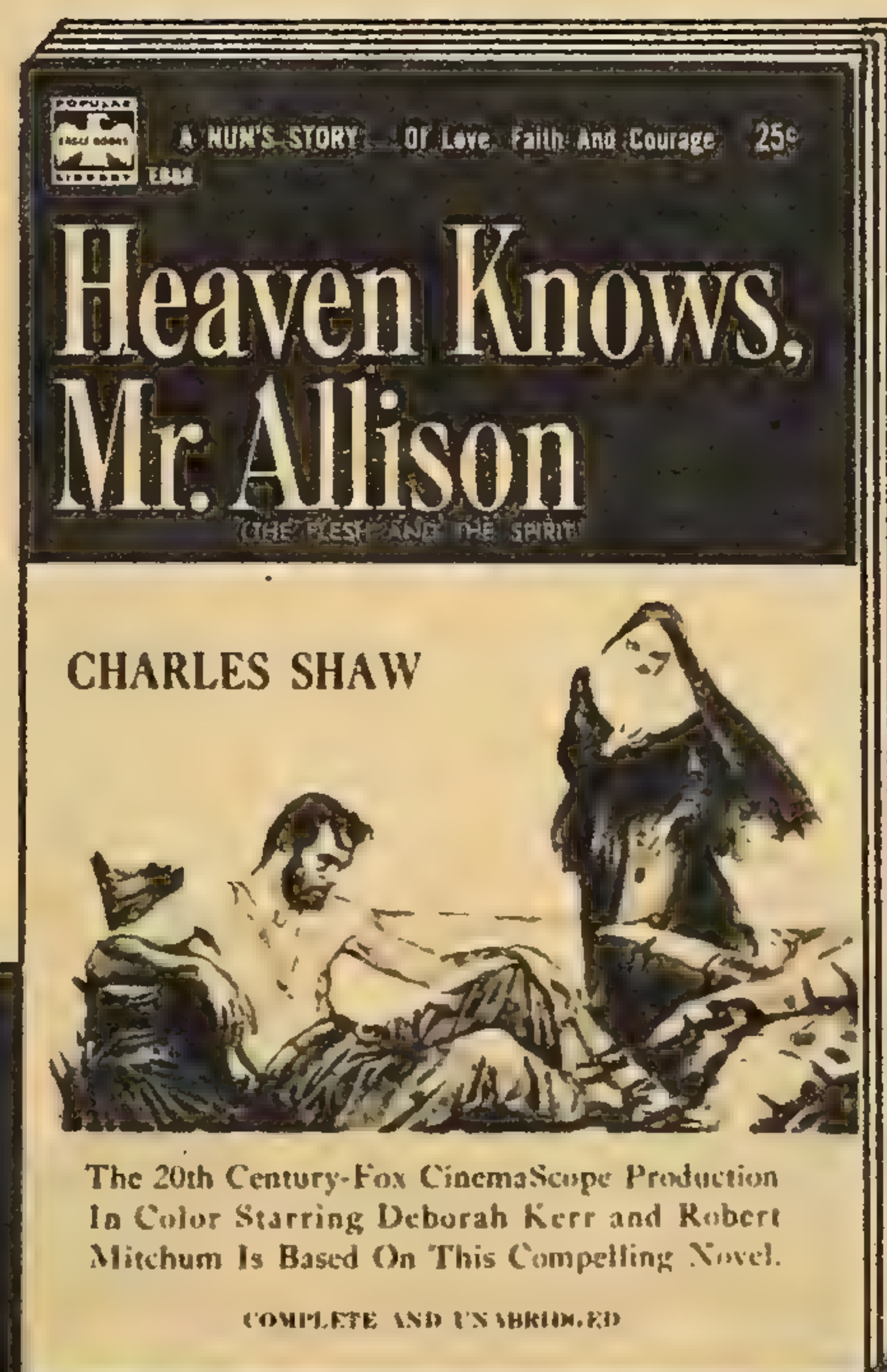
But now she can face the future with more confidence. For in spite of all the difficulties that loom ahead, she has a right to be radiant. To be chosen by a man like Eaton Chalkley as his wife is no small compliment. So long as she can feel secure in his love, Susan can face the whole world with triumphant confidence. No longer will she have to fight her battles all by herself.

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What's Happening To Marriage?

continued from page 17

reported on the verge of a fifth husband and a seventh marriage ceremony. The new entry in Lana's marital square dance was identified as Luiz Santos Jacinto, a handsome and wealthy young Brazilian with whom she had allegedly revived an old romance when she stopped off at Rio De Janeiro.

However, although the authenticity of this romance was vouchsafed by a celebrated international purveyor of gossip among the lifted pinky set, it was pooh-poohed by Lana's fellow-travelers on the South American junket. In fact, on the authority of no less esteemed an eyewitness than Lana's friend, Ann Miller, her friendship with Senor Jacinto couldn't have been more pedestrian. The man who really monopolized her time was another old friend, South American millionaire George Guinle, a playboy whose penchant for romancing Hollywood beauties is balanced by his aversion to marriage.

For all that has transpired since the separation, there are those who do not rule out the possibility of a reconciliation between Lex and Lana, who have survived other spats with less overt consequences. One factor that favored this bright hope was that, at this writing, no lawyers had yet been consulted.

A month after they were wed, Lex had said of Lana, "It's only been a month, but already I know I am married to the only woman for me."

And Lana had said, "We want this one to work. We know it will."

And as the Rev. Dr. Stewart P. MacLennan said when he defended his performance of the marriage ceremonies between Lana and Bob Topping:

"She has a real hunger to establish a home and a family. She has a spiritual quality that demands admiration."

Of course, Rev. MacLennan also had said, "I know the marriage will last," although, to be sure, he did not state for how long.

Conversely, the sometimes tumultuous marriage of June Allyson and Dick Powell has managed to survive all their differences, including their most recent one. Although June and Dick declined to divulge the nature of the incompatibility that drove them apart, their silence did not prevent speculation on their problems. The fact that case-hardened Hollywood observers described themselves as more dismayed than surprised by the quickly healed rift indicated only that they were giving substance to ancient rumors.

However, this is no valid proof that these frequently rekindled suspicions are founded on fact. The strength of the Powell-Allyson marriage is attested to by the fact that it has risen serenely above all the periodic rumors from Peter

Lawford to Alan Ladd—rumors set at rest with categorical denials from all concerned, and reaffirmations of love and affection by June and Dick.

June and Dick have been busy defying skeptics from the inception of their marriage, which the experts then gave no more than six months on the outside, due chiefly to their disparity in ages. Dick's 20-year seniority, however, has not prevented them from building a strong family relationship, reinforced by their complete devotion to their two children, Pamela and Ricky. Each time their marriage has been threatened by rumors or other crises, maturity has prevailed and they have decided that their bonds were stronger than the problems that nettled them.

The rumors linking June and Alan Ladd assumed runaway proportions when Alan and his wife, Sue Carol, briefly separated at the time June and Alan had been co-starring in "The McConnell Story." But Alan returned to his wife, Dick Powell stuck to his wife, all concerned stuck to their denials that anything remotely improper had happened, and two of Hollywood's most durable marriages withstood the impact of crisis.

There can be no gainsaying, in view of what has happened, the determination of June and Dick to preserve their marriage. When they separated they didn't immediately go on dating binges, but rather continued to meet in an effort, ultimately successful, to iron out their differences, and to reach a mutually agreeable basis for resuming their married life. They did not offer grist for scorching headlines, in the manner of the Jeanne Crain-Paul Brinkman pyrotechnics. They did not burn their bridges behind them. The foundations of their marriage were not so weak that the first argument, or even subsequent domestic Donnybrooks, shattered them. They evidently were mature enough not to demand or expect a marriage free of problems, and evidently were in love enough to want to remain married in spite of the problems.

UNHAPPILY, life being what it is, while some couples manage to master their problems, other couples are mastered by theirs. Such, apparently, has been the case in the Russ Tamblyn-Venetia Stevenson, Jack Webb-Dorothy Towne, and Sheree North-Bud Freeman breakups. These marriages were wrecked by unreadiness, unwillingness or inability to adjust.

When Russ and Venetia married, he all of 21, and she all of 17, they were like two dolls on a wedding cake. Ironically, the same factor that made for their ingenuous charm—their bubbling youth—provided the basis for the disintegration



ANOTHER unexpected bust-up was that of Sheree North and her husband, Bud Freeman.

of their marriage in less than one year.

In a statement with an oddly defensive ring, Russ had declared not long after he took Venetia as his bride, "I can truthfully say I've been happier than I ever expected to be. And I think the future looks even brighter. It's an advantage rather than a disadvantage to get married young. We feel it's easier to make marital adjustments when young."

Unfortunately, it didn't turn out that way. When they sorrowfully called it a day before the dawn of their first anniversary, Russ remarked, "Both of us feel badly about this, but we have tried, and it just doesn't seem to work out . . . Our marriage really didn't work from the start. I think perhaps it was because of our differences in background. Mine is a non-theatrical, practical background; Venetia's was all theatrical."

"They really did try their best," a confidante of both confirmed, "but they're just of different backgrounds and viewpoints. Rusty is a typical American boy who grew up in Inglewood and North Hollywood. He comes from a Mormon family, and his father is a plumber. Venetia, on the other hand, is sophisticated and worldly. Rusty is not. She was born worldly and cosmopolitan."

It was pointed out that Venetia's outlook was shaped largely by the professional lives of her British parents—both now in Hollywood—director Robert Stevenson and actress Anna Lee.

"They just look at things differently," she shrugged. "Maybe Rusty will acquire it. But he hasn't yet. Maybe if they were ten years older, they would have worked it out. I don't know. I do know they were trying for months to iron out their differences, and they kept their differences to themselves. There were no rumors, no anything. They just couldn't understand each other's outlook."

Those close to the couple agree with their own expressed gloomy outlook that there is no chance for reconciliation. This also seems to be the attitude toward the latest in the long succession of rifts between Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne. As in the case of Russ and Venetia, their marriage has never been

blighted by a third person, but by an apparently more formidable ogre—an insurmountable difference in outlook.

In the case of Jack Webb, the recurrent difference of opinion centers on Dorothy's refusal or inability to be philosophical about her occasional role as a television widow. Although Jack denies that he is inordinately dedicated to his work, the reputation clings to him, and he appears no more able to disabuse his wife of this notion than the general public. Their most recent breakup was the fifth time they appeared headed for divorce in two brief years of marriage.

"If anybody is to blame," Jack sighed, "I guess I am, because I get so involved in my work."

The final blowup came on the heels of their fourth reconciliation, after Jack had made an effort to cut down on his work load, frequently had lunch with Dorothy at the studio, and apparently had convinced her that things now would be very different.

MEANWHILE coming events cast their ominous and familiar shadows. Jack signed a contract to star in and direct 78 more "Dragnets" for NBC and he took on the production, directorial and starring chores in "The D. I. Story," a picture about a Marine drill instructor for Warners. The deeper Jack got into the picture, the deeper he got into the soup with Dorothy. Her old grievances boiled over and she took off for Mexico, leaving Jack with his career.

Another separation that caught Hollywood off balance as the flow of lava continued from movietown's smoldering marital volcano was that of Sheree North and her affable writer-husband, John "Bud" Freeman, almost two years to the date of their elopement on Feb. 20, 1955, in Quartzsite, Arizona. Sheree adamantly refused to do anything but confirm it. She refused to discuss it on any basis, nor did her estranged mate, who said that they would not qualify their differences in any way.

However, there is still a disposition—at least on Freeman's part—"to see how the separation works out," and there was strong indication that he was hoping for a reconciliation. Friends said the separation caught him by surprise, and that he attributes the difficulties to mounting tensions due to Sheree's preoccupation with her career. Freeman and Sheree's daughter by a previous marriage, six-and-a-half-year-old Dawn, have become very devoted, and his fear would seem to be that the child would be the chief casualty if he and Sheree split for good.

Their handling of their problem, close to the vest, is typical of what seems to be a growing trend toward more dignity in the face of domestic discord. They are evidently involved in a genuine effort to search out areas of renewed rapport in their marriage, and they certainly did

continued on page 69

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RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**

VOCAI groups are a big thing these days. There has been an epidemic of them—good, bad and indifferent. One of the best of the "goods" is the **Hi-Lo's**—four guys with a million vocal ideas. In the Columbia album, "Suddenly It's The Hi-Lo's," the boys cover a lot of ground, from "Brahms' Lullaby" to "Basin Street Blues," in fine style... **Eddie Heywood**, he of "Begin The Beguine" fame, 'pears to have another gold mine as yet untapped. A coupling of "Trees" and "Bebe" on the London label both have strong hit potential. "Trees" looks like the one to pull down a blue ribbon... You can add another notch on **Harry Belafonte's** song-smash six-shooter. King of the lp etchers, Harry is offering a new album that should keep the Victor presses working 'round the clock. "An Evening With Belafonte" has a little bit of everything, presenting some hitherto unexhibited facets of Mr. Belafonte's prodigious talents... **David Rose** and his orchestra take a native beat and give it a "white tie" treatment on "Calypso Melody." The flip side is "The Theme From The Wings Of Eagles," another Rose-colored orchestration (M-G-M)... While we're on a Calypso kick, **Chuck Miller's** Mercury recording of "Me Head's In De Barrel" is a barrel of fun and should make Chuck a strong contender in the present West Indian derby. A change of pace is offered on the reverse side with "Good Mornin' Darling," a slow beat rhythm and blues opus.

Roll out the red carpet and bring on the reception committee for **Helen Grayco's** Vik album "After Midnight." The gal's got a voice that rates a V. I. P. treatment. You'll hear what we mean on numbers like "Glad To Be Unhappy" and "You're My Thrill"... **Dean Martin's** going to capture a big batch of sales with his latest recording, "Captured," backed by "The Man Who Plays The Mandolino" from Dean's movie, "Ten Thousand Bedrooms." "Captured" is the

side, though, that should keep the dealers in short supply (Capitol)... Two Decca sound track albums at practically opposite poles of the musical spectrum are both exciting audio fare. The score for the 20th Century-Fox film, "Anastasia," is regal, brooding, melancholy, while the sound track for Mike Todd's "Around The World In 80 Days" is a melodic travelogue that embodies the humor, exotic grandeur and high adventure of the picture. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

The **McGuire Sisters** have paired "Blue Skies," one of Irving Berlin's more outstanding annuities, with "He's Got Time," a spiritual. It's a tribute to their versatility, being able to handle both sides in superlative fashion (Coral)... "**Tennessee**" **Ernie Ford** has a way with a novelty number that is indeed wondrous to behold. Behold what he does with "One Suit" and "The Watermelon Song," a catchy Capitol coupling. Easy-going Ernie makes a good case for the casual approach to the gentle art of vocalizing... **Pat Kirby**, who made her mark on the Steve Allen "Tonight" TV show, has a new Decca album, "What Is This Thing Called Love?" The expert answers to this burning question fill both sides of Miss Kirby's offering and vary in explanation from "Love Is A Simple Thing" to "All Or Nothing At All"... For some Calypso unsullied by the crass commercial refinements of Tin Pan Alley, dig **Lord Flea** and his Calypsonians romping through "The Naughty Little Flea" and "Shake Shake Sonora." What? The songs are products of Tin Pan Alley? Well, they sound authentic, anyway, and that's all that really counts (Capitol).

END

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EDT

What's Happening To Marriage?

continued from page 67

not run screaming to their press agents, the newspapers or lawyers. Most of the current crop of Hollywood separations seem occupational in tone, but they haven't produced the kind of scandal which the remainder of the nation loves to read in the morning papers and deplore at the evening meal. It will be interesting to see how long before Hollywood offers another *piece de resistance* as rich as the Jeanne Crain-Paul Brinkman smorgasbord—and it cannot be ignored that even their seemingly irreconcilable differences were overcome.

In Hollywood, as elsewhere, marriages are true to life. The stresses and strains that besiege personalities in conflict are the same. Marriages are born in hope, and expire in despair and disenchantment. Sometimes love conquers all—and sometimes selfish considerations and/or personality disturbances conquer love. Love and marriage and divorce are the same. Only the locale changes. **END**

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

227,000 beads. The dress is still making personal appearances around the country. Vive la Grandmere! . . .

Don't believe the stories that Mel Ferrer is the boss in his marriage. He only seems to be, because wife Audrey Hepburn, makes it appear that way—like the clever lass she is. It's little Audrey who makes the decisions—but gently. And she's a good business woman too with definite opinions on whom she will act with. . . .

Two girls back to back, doing a mean rhumba at a recent party—Natalie Wood with Robert Wagner, while her erstwhile flame, Nicky Hilton, jived with Joan Collins. It's hard to keep tabs on these youngsters. Which brings me to Tab Hunter, and his terrific success as a record singer. He'll be waxing some more songs. And everyone else here, ditto. Including R. J. Wagner, Robert Mitchum, Jack Lemmon and Jeff Chandler. . . . 1957 will go down in Hollywood history as Tony Perkins' year. In addition to his excellent acting in "Fear Strikes Out," Tony has "Desire Under The Elms," with Spencer Tracy and Sophia Loren, to follow his current "Sea Wall." Then "The Matchmaker," "Joey" and "Look Homeward, Angel." He's very likable. I've seen success change a lot of actors, but I think Tony will be wearing the same size in hats next year.

When Elvis Presley is asked if he is romantically interested in anyone right now, he replies, "Yes, Uncle Sam." If he isn't in the Service now, it's just a question of days. . . . That's all for now. **END**

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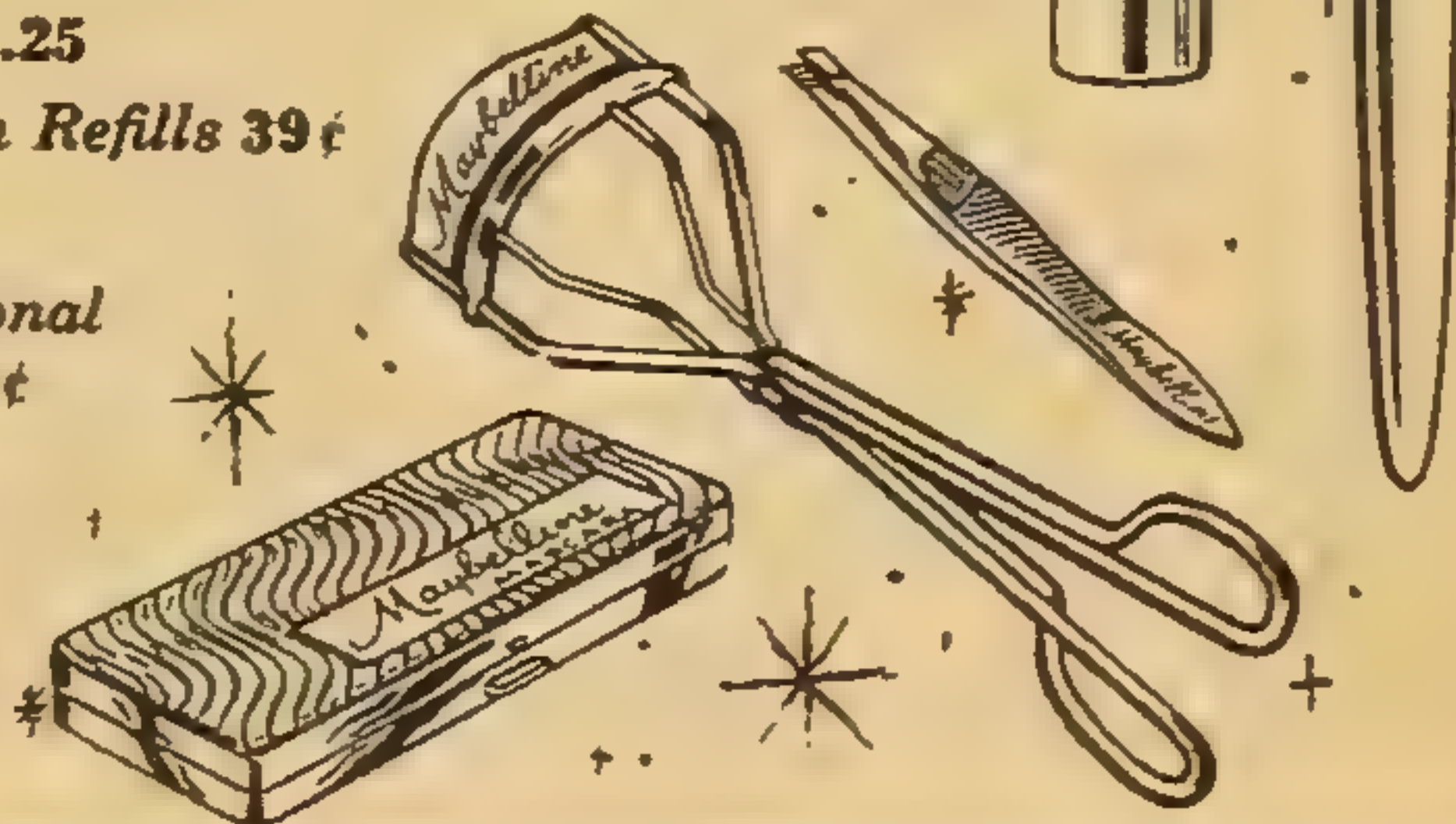
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Heaven Protect The Poor Bachelor!

continued from page 31

even handed him the hose, so he could wash off the fenders.

By the time Jack returned, Chris had done a very thorough job—on the fenders, the door, the top—and the inside as well. When Jack sat down on the upholstery three days later, water still oozed out!

Another time Jack made the mistake of letting Chris open his own soda bottle. Chris thought it was fun to shake it first like he'd seen his daddy mix martinis. Result: when he pulled off the cap, soda shot out like a geyser and sprayed the walls, couch, ceiling, and himself. It took Jack nearly four hours to wash the stuff off again.

In all fairness, it must be said that Chris isn't the only source of disturbance to Jack's not-so-peaceful existence.

After a few weeks of revived bachelorhood he finally decided it was impossible to take care of the house himself, and looked for a maid. The first one sent to him by the employment agency never made it. She got lost on the way up, which discouraged her so much that she refused to make a second attempt. The second one couldn't get together with him on the days he wanted her, which made him hire the third one sight unseen. She was a pleasant but rather robust woman who never did anything half-way. When she dusted his records she wiped them so hard that every third one broke. Before the week was over he had to replace two windows, half his dishes and the front door lock which simply sprung out when she slammed the door too hard.

Jack now has what he considers "a jewel" of a helper. Quiet, neat, efficient. A little too efficient at times.

As he left for the studio one morning, he asked her to wax the floors. The whole house is tiled with white rubber linoleum.

When he came home that night he had forgotten his instructions. He took three steps forward, fell, and slid clear through the living room before he came to a halt in front of the piano. Who knows, if it hadn't been there he might have gone through the picture window and into the canyon a thousand feet below!

One of the most awkward situations Jack faced was the result of Mr. Alexander Graham Bell's most publicized invention—the telephone.

For the first couple of weeks, most people either called at night, when he was sound asleep—or during the day, when he was out. The only way to get in touch with him was by telegram and for a while the Western Union boy spent more hours at his house than Jack did.

He finally decided to take a telephone service that cut in on his number if he didn't answer it after the third ring. That worked fine until the exchange hired a new operator who was so confused by it all that she constantly got the messages mixed up.

One evening when Jack phoned in for his messages she told him he had an important appointment at six o'clock in the 4300 block on Sunset Boulevard. Unfortunately, she admitted, she had forgotten to ask for the name of the caller.

Jack rushed to his destination, and at six sharp—walked into a funeral parlor. Obviously, the message had been for someone else!

Nevertheless, Jack is gradually getting used to his present way of life. That in-



EVEN when playing golf Jack Lemmon is beset with problems. Pal Biff Elliot's concerned too.

cludes fairly normal social activities, "fairly normal" because no actor can make plans like fellows who have a more predictable occupation.

While Jack is not "going steady" with anyone, his most frequent date is attractive, dark-haired, brown-eyed Felicia Farr, who is also under contract to Columbia Pictures.

They go to night clubs, to movies, to parties. Like Jack she likes good food, witty company, and—which proved nearly disastrous for both of them—the feeling of a Thunderbird under her control.

Jack is most generous with his belongings, and protested only mildly when on the way home from a party a short while ago, Felicia asked him to let her drive.

Instead of shifting into reverse, Felicia put the car into first, and nearly plowed down the carport. Jack pointed out the reverse shift, cautioned her "to take it easy," then sank back into his seat and mumbled something that might have been a prayer as Felicia shot backward—barely missing going over the cliff!

That Jack let her drive the car again is not only a sign of his generosity, but an indication that he's grown quite fond of Felicia.

Yet Jack has no intention of getting married soon, to anyone. He simply wants to have a good time in his private life, while concentrating on his career to the fullest extent. The future, he's convinced, will work itself out eventually. **END**

"Why Do They Lie About Me?"

continued from page 43.

I think I am just a healthy and (I hope) normal girl who happens to have a job which plunges me into the spotlight now and then. I want to do my job as well as I can and have as much fun as I can while I'm doing it and not let the spotlight—or the gossips—spoil things for me.

Q. *Are there any special "true or falsies" which you would like to include in this? Things that you want to get off your chest . . . to set the record straight?*

A. There certainly are and I thank you for giving me the opportunity.

There's the one about how I want to get away from my family . . . and this has been printed again and again. All about how, the moment I passed my 18th birthday I planned to break away and get an apartment of my own where I could "manage my own life" . . . as if I had been dominated or something.

Nothing could have been more untrue and moreover I think those reports were mean. We just have bought a new house for *all of us*. Where we can be *together*.

It's true that I have my own little wing and my own private entrance but I had almost the same conveniences in the old house. This one will merely be larger and more convenient for the entire family.

I am definitely not breaking with my father and mother and sister and I don't expect to do any such thing until I marry. That is final.

Q. *What about marriage, now that we've brought it up? Was Tab Hunter right when he said that he didn't expect you to marry before you were 21—and that then he expected it to be final?*

A. I don't know what made Tab say a thing like that, I'm sure. But he could be right. Maybe he knows something about me that I don't know about myself!

Q. *Are there any more things on which you would like to put the record straight?*

A. Yes. A question which comes up again and again in my fan mail and which requires answering. "Because you were a

child actress, did you have an unhappy, artificial and stilted childhood?"

I'd like to say that I definitely did not.

For one thing, I always lived at home when I wasn't actually working in a picture—and usually when I was—and I went to the nearest public school. When I worked in a picture and was tutored by the studio teacher.

My life at home was not very different from what it would have been if I hadn't been in pictures at all. It was merely interrupted sometimes with thrilling interruptions. But the discipline and training were always there. I realize that now.

Q. *Is there anything else you would like to tell us?*

A. Yes there is. There is such a thing as being "a successful movie personality" and being that may make you a lot of money. But there is also such a thing as being a real craftsman, a real actor or actress. And that's what I want to be.

After all, I started to learn this business when I was a very little girl. I want to go on learning and I am really serious about it. *Completely serious.*

But somehow I don't see why people should begrudge me the fun that normally comes with being 18, even if I am working hard at my job. Do you? **END**

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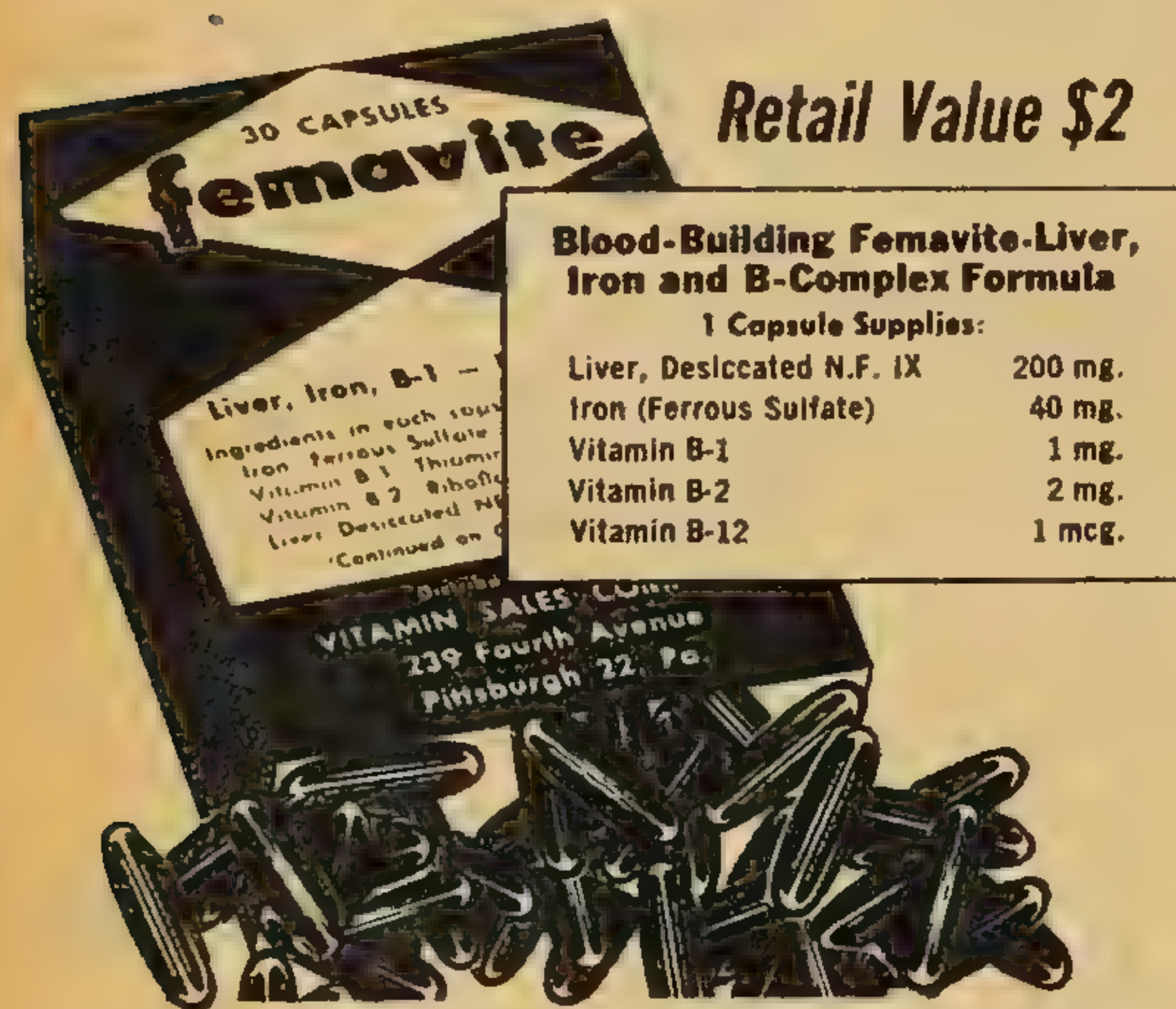
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Coming Attractions

continued from page 11

Shoot-Out At Medicine Bend

RETURNED from the Civil War, Randolph Scott finds his brother killed by Indians who couldn't be run-off the homestead with faulty ammunition. Determined to smoke out the scoundrel responsible for selling the settlers cheap, inferior weapons and supplies, Scott and his buddies, James Garner and Gordon Jones, head for Medicine Bend. En route, their clothes, money and horses are stolen. This turns out to be a blessing in disguise, since the clothes they borrow from a Quaker-type religious group help conceal their identity. With no one suspecting them in Medicine Bend, Scott is able to get the sleazy goods on bossman James Craig and his henchmen. Angie Dickinson and Dani Crayne behave themselves rather well considering they are females trespassing in a Western, though saloon canary Dani has Garner and Jones hanging on the ropes—by the neck, that is. (Warner Brothers.)

Abandon Ship!

BACK in the 1800s, this harrowing story of 26 people adrift in a small boat on the ocean really happened. For the movie, Tyrone Power is put in charge of the shipwrecked group, and the time, for some obscure reason, is pushed ahead to present day. However, the decisions Power must make are still as dreadful. It is he who must weigh the wisdom of sacrificing the weak and injured, by throwing

them overboard, so the stronger might have a surer chance of surviving the arduous journey to safety. One of the women in the skiff meant to carry 14 people at the most is nurse Mai Zetterling, though after all the unfortunates are jettisoned, there really isn't much for her to do except stick by Power even if she disagrees with his orders. The story becomes even more frightening, perhaps, because having survived one horrible ordeal, the weak and defenseless survivors are forced to face death again. (Columbia.)

The Bachelor Party

WHEN Paddy Chayefsky, the TV writer, whips up one of his somber souffles about life in a metropolitan housing development, his type "happy ending" could effortlessly double as a life sentence in purgatory. Married to Patricia Smith, Don Murray rebels at the frustrations of marriage. Truthfully, there's not very much he can do about being stuck in a dull clerical job, going to college in the evenings, and facing an added responsibility of a baby. His resentment lurches into the open during a boozy stag party for Philip Abbott, who's altar-bound. On his night of pseudo-freedom, Murray and chums wander into many strange situations that all seem ugly, hot and distorted. But no experience is really worthless. Murray learns that escaping his responsibilities would be impossible and there's only one path ahead of him—and that, he decides, is a lot better than loneliness. (United Artists.) **END**

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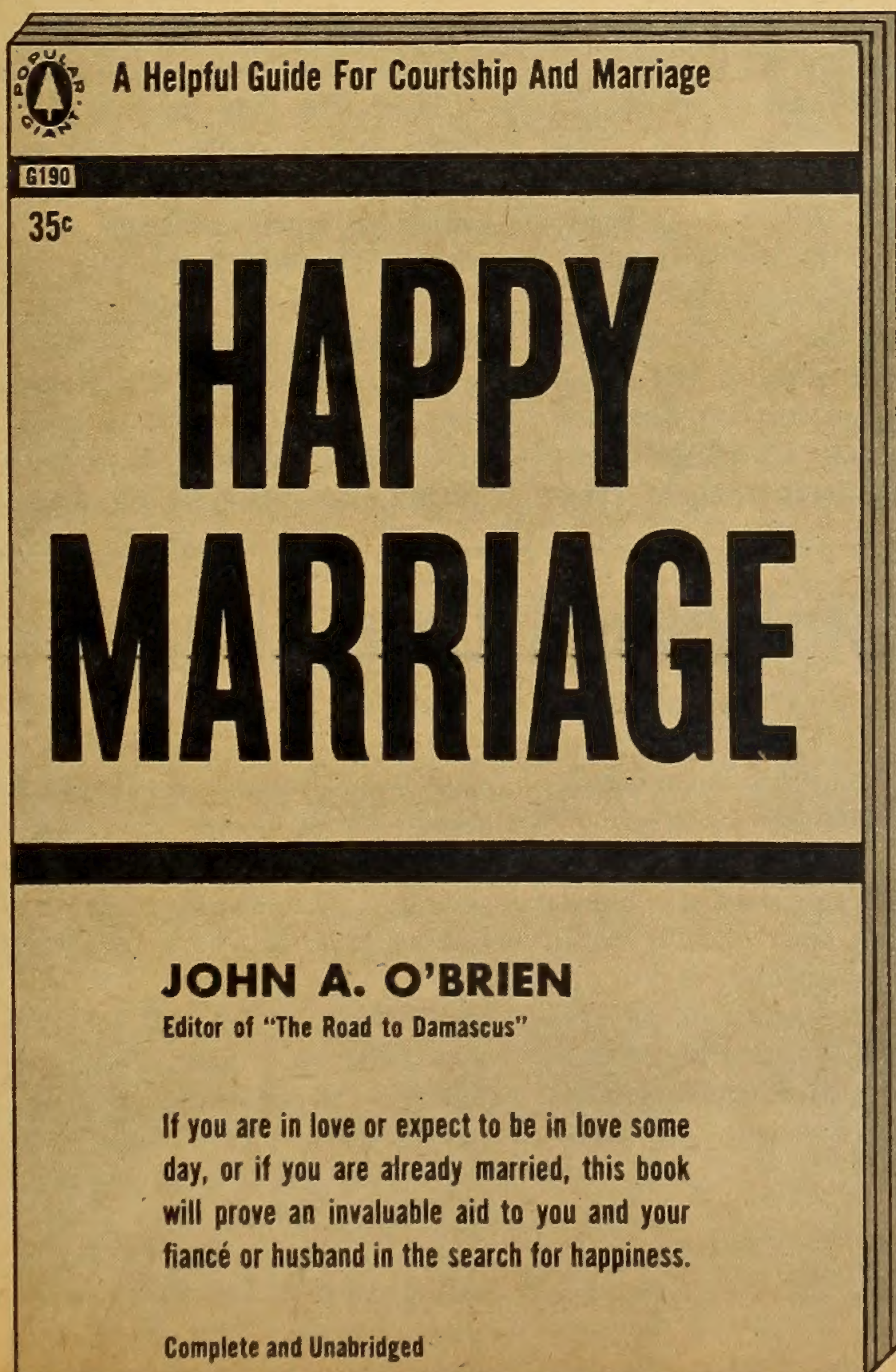
The truth about mixed marriages. A discussion of the difficulties to be encountered, and opinions from authorities of various religions.

About children and marriage. Father O'Brien sets forth the position of the Catholic Church with regard to birth control and the rhythm theory. He also discusses the importance of children as a stabilizing factor in marriage.

Why marriages fail. An analysis of the seven major causes for marital dissension.

How to prepare for marriage. Pre-marital instruction and where it can best be obtained.

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by John A. O'Brien
(with a preface by
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Marriage By Murray

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although they are now looking for a woman to help them out—with the house, not the baby which was born on March 19. "We will always take care of the child ourselves," Don insists.

In raising their son, the Murrays will follow pretty much the manner in which Don himself was brought up. Taught to be self-sufficient at an early age, he earned his own spending money from the time he was ten. His father was kind and interested in his children's activities, but he could be very strict—particularly when it concerned lying or stealing. Then all leniency was discarded.

Don will never forget one day his father really lost his temper. Don had come home with a bag full of greenish apples, his contribution to the family menu that day. His father took one bite, then screwed up his face from the bitterness. "Where in the world did they sell you these?" he asked.

"Nobody sold them to me," Don replied cheerfully.

"You mean you stole them?"

"Oh, no! I picked them off the trees . . ."

Don couldn't see anything wrong with that, but his father did! And after he got through with his son, Don made darn sure he paid for his purchases after that.

Hope believes in catering to her husband probably more so than most wives.

For instance, one of Don's favorite pastimes is writing. When he was 17 he started work on a novel, based on his own experiences. He's still at it. He also wrote a number of articles for religious magazines when he was in Europe, and is now busy with an original screen treatment for television.

Like most writers, Don can achieve more when he is not disturbed. That means no matter how pressing a problem, when Hope sees him pounding the typewriter she will wait till he finishes before talking to him. Not many wives would do that.

To please Don, Hope has collected recipes since they were first married. Her task is made somewhat more difficult by her husband's refusal to criticize her food when it doesn't come out as he likes it. That's why it took her six months to find out why he loved lamb when his mother served it, and never commented on it when she prepared it. One day she made a long distance call to find out the secret. Said the older Mrs. Murray, "He likes it so well done, I almost burn it." Till then Hope had always thought it came out that way by mistake!

Except for making spaghetti sauce—two years in Italy have made him an expert in Italian cooking—Don prefers to stay away from the kitchen, unless there's an emergency. Like when Hope came back from the hospital after she had the baby, and he did all the cooking for two weeks.

Don has only one complaint about his

wife's culinary ability. "She made me gain 25 pounds in one year. If this keeps up, I'll be playing character parts at 30."

Likewise, Hope dresses to please him, not other women. When he doesn't like her clothes, she promptly returns them. Curiously enough, the only discord in their lives came over her wardrobe.

Although they had talked about getting married for some time, the wedding date was set rather suddenly. Consequently, Hope had but a couple of days to get her trousseau together.

Customarily, prospective husbands don't voice an opinion on trousseaux, at least not till after they are married. In most cases they don't even know what makes up one. But Hope had no intention of taking any chances, so she modelled the dresses and suits for him. He didn't like most of them. Although quite upset by his criticism, she took them back. Two days later she admitted he was right. Comments Don today, "She really has very good taste. I just didn't give her enough time to select things."

Don and Hope's marriage is as unusual for Hollywood as the two people are themselves. In fact, when Don was asked how he managed "not to go Hollywood" considering his recent success, he looked a little bewildered. "I'm not sure what you mean by that unless you refer to people who do anything for the sake of publicity."

Since the Murrays moved West, they have completely stayed out of the Hollywood limelight.

Don and Hope have the ability to enjoy the simple things in life—a good conversation, a ride through the country, a walk along their tree-lined streets, the most minute presents. In fact, anyone who had watched them open their Christmas presents last year would have thought they



JUST like "the young couple next door," Don and Hope do the stores and markets together.

really were a couple of over-grown kids.

They sat on the floor, cross-legged, in front of a huge gaily decorated tree, amidst some 30 beautifully wrapped packages.

When Hope opened hers, she was more excited than a six-year-old on the first day of school. "A napkin ring!" she cried out, delightedly examining a present that cost about \$1.50.

It was Don's turn next. He was just as enthusiastic about a narrow leather belt she had given him, and so they went from present to present, with few items running above two dollars.

"It's the idea of giving, not the expense involved that counts," Don insists.

That's the true meaning of Christmas. But how few people remember it. . . .

Don's marriage—like his career and his whole existence—is based on the concept of self-sufficiency, creativity, and purpose. There's no more room for meaningless small talk at home than attending equally meaningless cocktail parties some place else. "Life is too short to waste any part of it," Don insists.

Quite obviously, he doesn't.

END

Hollywood Love Life

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ing to Hudson, "It was hard to know which was quivering most, the car or Phyllis."

QUEEN OF HEARTS—The Clark Gables, who celebrate their second wedding anniversary this month, have a wonderful camaraderie. Ever since her hospitalization, Clark is so protective of his Kathleen. She, on the other hand, seems to have a knack for knowing just how to please him.

WEBB'S ROOST—Jack Webb has built a bachelor apartment on the Republic Studio lot. Webb has converted the top floor of his office building into a solo retreat that includes living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen, and is over-

seen by a Filipino houseboy. Jack never seems to let down. Even his month in Europe wasn't a vacation, but a business holiday to open his film, "The D.I.," and to give 40 interviews on "Dragnet."

SOLVES DILEMMA—Terry Moore, who believes a wife should be with her husband at all times, has certainly led her friends a merry chase trying to keep up with her and hubby Gene McGrath's whereabouts. She's finally solved the dilemma by having her stationery made up listing all four of their addresses, Caracas, Panama, New York, and Beverly Hills. She has a small box across from each address and simply checks off where she is currently residing.

END

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